a Rochefoucauld (F. de) Lin. Sc.

CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS:

Fitted for the

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

Ingenious of both Sexes;

Writ in IMITATION

Of the Count *de Roche Foucault*,

AND

Render'd into *English* from the 15*th.* Edition Printed at *Paris.*

By a GENTLEMAN *of* Pembroke-hall *in* Cambridge.

To which is added,

Some TRANSLATIONS

From Greek, Latin and Italian Poets;

WITH

Other VERSES and SONGS on Several Occasions, not before Printed.

By T. Rymer, *Esq; late Historiographer-Royal.*

London, Printed for and Sold by *D. Browne* at *Exeter Exchange*, *W. Mears* at the *Lamb*, and *J. Browne* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-bar.* 1714.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Right Honourable

Thomas Lord *Pelham*,

Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of *Middleſex* and *Nottingham*.

May it pleaſe Your Lordſhip,

AS *Your Quality and Fortune in the World attracts the Eyes of every Body towards you; amidſt the blaze of Grandure and Equipage I am more dazled with the Brightneſs of the fine Gentleman that appears in your Lordſhip's Face and Mein, which like a Diamond, if thrown among a Thouſand glittering Gems, retains it's native Luſtre: The Honour You have already ſhewn in Your younger*

younger Years, and the Zeal You daily expreſs for our happy Conſtitution in Church and State, are early Promiſes of Your Lordſhip's future Greatneſs.

Theſe Amuſements, as they were well receiv'd in French, I hope the Tranſlation may give Your Lordſhip ſome Diverſion at a leiſure Hour; but if that ſhould fail, I aſſure my ſelf Your Lordſhip will be well pleaſed with the Ingenious Mr. Rymer's *Production, which are added to this ſmall Piece; upon the Character of which only I preſume to lay this at Your Lordſhips Feet, and am, with the profoundeſt Duty and Reſpect,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Devoted Servant,

M. B.

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AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT I.

THE Title that I have choſe gives me room to make a Preface as long as I pleaſe; for a long Preface is a true Amuſement.

I have however found it very neceſſary for the underſtanding of the Book; but moſt Men inſtead of ſetting of the Work, do nothing but expoſe the Authors Vanity.

A good General of an Army is leſs puzzled at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Author at the Title Page of his Writings. This does not know what Countenance to put on; if he makes it lofty we are pleaſed to humble this Pride; if he affects Humility we deſpiſe it; if he ſays his Subject is ſurprizing, we believe nothing of it; if he modeſtly affirms there is nothing in it, we take him at his word: He ſhall not ſay any thing of his own Work; this is the hard Fate of an Author!

I don't know whether my Book will

take; but if any one gives himſelf up to criticiſing, he will amuſe himſelf in reading and I ſhall get my Deſign.

I have given the *Idea*'s that came in my Head the name of Amuſements: They will be ſerious or comical, according to the humour I was in when I writ 'em, and according to the humour you will be in when you read 'em; they may divert, inſtruct, or diſpleaſe you.

The other day one of thoſe Wits that think it a weakneſs to laugh, found one of my Copies under his Hand; at the opening of the Book he frown'd: He cry'd to himſelf in a melancholy tone, that I was unworthy of this Title: Is it not a Profanation to the ſerious to mix them with the Comical? What variety is this?

This variety, anſwer'd I, ſeems very natural to me; if we examine the actions and converſation of Men right, we ſhall find that the Serious and Comical are very nigh Neighbours, we ſee that the moſt ſerious Maxims proceed from a good Comical Perſon; and ſuch a one that affects to be always ſerious, is more comical than he thinks of himſelf.

My Gentleman puſh'd his remonſtrance farther: Are not you aſham'd continued he to print Amuſements? Don't you know that Man was made for Buſineſs, and not

to

to amuſe himſelf? To this ſee my Anſwer.

Every thing is an Amuſement in this Life: Virtue only ought to be call'd Buſineſs; if there are none but who practiſes it that can be truly ſaid to be buſy, all the World is idle!

Some amuſe themſelves with Ambition, others with Intereſt, others with Love; the common People with Pleaſures, great Men with Glory, and for me I divert my ſelf when I conſider that all this is nothing but an Amuſement.

Yet again, every thing is an Amuſement in Life; Life it ſelf is nothing but an Amuſement in waiting for Death.

There is the ſerious I promiſed it; but let us go quickly to the Comical Part.

I would write, and I would be an Original: The wiſe Tranſlator will perhaps ſay to me this is an *Idea* truly Comical, and I find it very pleaſant that you ſhou'd think of being an Original your ſelf at this time of day: You muſt take the time of the *Greeks* for that: The *Latins* themſelves were nothing but Copiers.

This Diſcourſe diſcourag'd me. Is it true then that one cannot invent any thing new? Many Authors told me ſo; if Monſieur *de la Roche Foucaut* and Monſieur *Paſchal* had told me ſo, I might have believ'd it.

He that can imagine lively and thinks rightly, is an Original in the very ſame things that another had thought on before, by the natural turn that he gives them, and by the new Application that he makes, we judge that he had thought on 'em before others, had not theirs been out before his.

The thoughts of Monſieur *de la Roche Foucaut* and Monſieur *Paſcal*, are ſet forth with ſuch a lively Wit, by ſo good Judgment and Reaſon; that ſorry Authors obſcure their Works by cutting 'em off to diſguiſe them; but all obſcure as they are, we find them out and blot out again all the lively faults that were wrapt up in them.

Thoſe that ſteal from the Moderns Study to hide their Thefts; thoſe that ſteal from the Antients glory in 'em. But why does theſe latter deſpiſe the former ſo much? There muſt be much more Wit in diſguiſing a thought of *Paſcals* than in tranſlating a Paſſage in *Horace*.

After this I agree, that whatever Genius any one hath, it is impoſſible for him to write well for his Age, having form'd his Wit from the Antients, and his Genius from the Moderns.

That is not ſufficient, cry'd my witty Spark, he muſt be very much antiquated, he muſt write learnedly; he muſt take it at the Spring Head. I underſtand you, he muſt

muſt ſteal, you dare not ſay ſo, well then, I will ſay it for you, he muſt ſteal; but I wont ſteal either out of the Books of the Antients or Moderns; I'll ſteal out of none but the Book of the World.

The World is a Book both Antient and New; at all times Man and his Paſſions have been the Subject; theſe Paſſions are always the ſame; but they are deſcrib'd variouſly according to the difference of Ages; and in one and the ſame Age every one reads differently according to his Wit and the extent of his Genius.

Thoſe that have Talent enough to read right in the Book of the World, may be uſeful to the Publick, by communicating to it the Fruit of their Reading; but thoſe that don't know the World, but by Books, are not knowing enough to read Lectures to others.

What a difference is there between what Books tell Men, and what Men do?

If the World is a Book that muſt be read from the beginning, one may ſay alſo that it is a Country, that one cannot know nor make known to others, without having travell'd in it oneſelf. I begun this Journey very young; I always loved to reflect on all I ſaw; I amuſe my ſelf by reflecting, I amuſe my ſelf by writing; and I

deſire that you wou'd amuſe your ſelf with reading.

AMUSEMENT II.

Of the Journey of the World.

THere is no Amuſement more agreeable, or more uſeful, than travelling. If any one wou'd travel with me thro' the World, that is to ſay, wou'd go thro' almoſt all the Stations of Life, let him follow me, I will give you an account of it by the way of travelling: This Fancy comes naturally into my Head I will purſue it.

Where ſhall I begin this great Journey? What of the Country preſents it ſelf to my Imagination? That, which of all things can give the fineſt Leſſons of the Knowledge of the World, is the Court: Let us ſtop there a moment.

The Court.

The Court is a very diverting Country, we breath good Air, the Avenues are pleaſant, with an agreeable Acceſs, and end all at one point.

The Fortune of the Court ſeems to attend us at the End of a great Road open to

to every body; it ſeems that we need but walk to come to it; nevertheleſs we cannot arrive at its Ends, but by cover'd and croſs Ways, prepar'd after ſuch a manner, that the ſtraiteſt way is not always the ſhorteſt.

I don't know whether the Ground of the Court be very firm; I have ſeen thoſe that were but newly diſembark'd walk with a great deal of Confidence, and thoſe that were us'd to the Road go trembling.

'Tis a ground that is high and low, where every one ſeeks for Preferment: But to come to it, there is but one Path; and that Path is ſo ſtrait, that an ambitious Man cannot keep his Road without turning into another.

The Misfortune is, that thoſe that are on their Feet never lift up thoſe that are fallen; for the Temper of the Courtiers is, to give nothing to thoſe that have need of all things, and to give all to thoſe that have need of nothing.

Maugre the Difficulties that happen in this Country, one will go far when one is conducted by a true Merit; the Difficulty is to diſtinguiſh it. There are ſuch Faults! he that knows himſelf the beſt, finds himſelf very much at a *Non-plus*: Such a one to eſcape his diſcerning Judgment, covers himſelf with a ſtrange Recommendation,

and appears under the Shelter of a Patron; inſomuch, that one Man is always hid behind another.

We declare one newly come, we praiſe him, we make every thing for him and without him, he neither does nor ſpeaks any thing; we ſay 'tis a wiſe Man. Indeed there is Wiſdom in his Modeſty and in his Silence; for by the little he does, or ſays, we know that he is nothing but a Sot.

'Tis thus, that the Ability of ſome make the Fortunes of others: And if any one ſhines by his own Merit, preſently to dim the luſter of him, Slander raiſes the thickeſt Clouds, and Envy the blackeſt Vapours: Inſomuch, that Virtue appears no more Virtue, Vice appears no more Vice, all is confounded. In this frightful Obſcurity the Sun appears, penetrates, ſees and makes the Objects appear ſuch as they are: 'Tis then we do juſtice; 'tis then we may ſay the honeſt Man is happy, when he is remember'd, and the Wicked when forgot.

In travelling in the Country of the Court, I obſerved that Idleneſs reign'd among the Inhabitants; I don't ſpeak only of the People, for the great ones and thoſe that labour to become ſo, are like the reſt; the management of a Court is a more troubleſome Work than it appears.

In

In regard to the inferior Sort they cringe and ask, and they make their long Services all their Merit.

I except ſome Officers, who without meanneſs and management, bound their Ambition in ſerving their Maſter well, and live quietly in that medium of condition in which we find commonly the true Merit.

In this indifferent State that I put between the People and the great Lords, one may be polite without Deceit, and frank without Flattery: One need not have either the Baſeneſs of the People nor the Haughtineſs of the Grandees; in a word, one may be what we call a genteel Man.

In deſcribing a genteel Man, of a moderate Eſtate, I ſhall inſenſibly deſcribe a great Lord that is belov'd; it is very true that for all the difference of Rank, an honeſt Man is always an honeſt Man.

The Courtiers of the firſt Claſs, ſacrifice equally their Lives and Eaſe; ſome, by the Principal of Honour and Virtue, ſacrifice themſelves becauſe they are uſeful to the Court; others becauſe the Court is uſeful to them.

Theſe latter are more bent to fortune: I knew one, who at Seventy Five began to take Meaſures to withdraw himſelf. I have laboured very much, ſaid he, and I have labour'd but for to have wherewith to

live at eaſe; I hope to repoſe my ſelf for ſome Years. I'll tell you willingly that thoſe of this Character labour juſt till Death; to repoſe themſelves the reſt of their lives.

Tho' the Courtier and the Tradeſman are of the ſame Country, their Cuſtoms nevertheleſs are quite different.

The Courtier ſtudies to hide his Irregularities under the Laws.

The Tradeſman has the vanity to appear more irregular than he is.

The one thinks a great while before he ſpeaks, the other talks much and thinks little.

The one courts Fortune, the other thinks Fortune ought to court him.

The Courtiers Careſs thoſe they deſpiſe; their Careſſes ſerve to hide their Diſdain, what diſſimulation!

The Tradeſmen are more ſincere; they don't hide either their Friendſhip or their Diſdain, when they meet one another they ſhake Hands, and their ordinary Embraces are but half Careſſes.

The Language of the Courtier is uniform always polite, flattering, and inſinuating; the Language of the other is high and low, mix'd with a lofty and ordinary ſtile with politeneſs and flattery.

In going from the Court, let us enter the City, we ſhall find wherewithal to di-

vert

vert us a long while; a Man's Life is not ſufficient for to finiſh the Journey.

AMUSEMENT III.

Paris.

Paris is an entire World; one may diſcover every Day more new Countries and ſurpriſing particulars than in the World beſides: One diſtinguiſhes in the *Pariſians* ſo many different Nations, Manners and Cuſtoms, that the Inhabitants themſelves are ignorant of half of them. Do you imagine then how many ſurpriſing Changes a Stranger would find in it, what an Amuſement wou'd not it be to him to examine with the Eyes of a Traveller all particulars of this great City? I am very deſirous to travel with this Man of *Siam*; his odd Ideas and Fancies wou'd furniſh me without doubt with variety and might be agreeable.

I will then take the Genius of a Traveller, who may never have ſeen any thing like what paſſed in *Paris*: Let us ſee a little after what manner he will be ſtruck with certain things which the prejudices of cuſtom make appear reaſonable and natural.

To

To vary the Stile of my Relation, as much as I ſhall make my Traveller ſpeak ſo much I ſhall ſpeak my ſelf; I enter into the Ideas abſtracted from an Inhabitant of *Siam*; I will make him enter into ours: In ſhort, ſuppoſing that we Two do hear a half Word, he and I will endeavor to imagine the reſt. Thoſe that won't take the pains to follow us, may ſpare themſelves that of reading the reſt of this Book; but thoſe who ſeek to amuſe themſelves, ought to yield a little to the Authors Caprice.

I ſuppoſe then that my Traveller fell from the Clouds, and that he found himſelf in the middle of this large and tumultuous City, where Reſt and Silence can ſcarce reign in the Night it ſelf; at firſt the noiſy Confuſion *de la rüe Saint Honoré* amazed and frighten'd him, his Head is turn'd.

He ſees an infinite Number of different Machines that Men move. Some are upon 'em, others within 'em, others behind 'em, thoſe there carry, theſe here are carried; one draws, the other thruſts; one ſtrikes, another cries; this here flies away, the other runs after; I ask'd my Companion what he thought of this Sight? I admire and tremble, anſwer'd he; I wonder that in ſo ſtrait a Place, ſo many Machines, and ſo many Animals which are put to the Movement, or elſewhere, ſhou'd be thus agitated

agitated without being confounded; 'tis the chief Work of the Addreſs of the French, to mix themſelves in ſuch a Confuſion. But their Temerity makes me tremble, when I ſee brute and unconſiderate Beaſts among ſo many Wheels, they run on ſlippery and uneven Stones, where the leaſt falſe Step puts them in danger of Death.

In ſeeing your City, continued this abſtracted Traveller, I fancy I have ſeen a great Animal: The Streets are ſo many Veins, in which the People circulate; that there ſhould be ſuch a Vivacity as that of the Circulation of *Paris*? You ſee, ſaid I to him, this Circulation that is in the Heart of *Paris*, it is yet more ſparkling in the Blood of the *Pariſians*; they are always active, their Actions ſucceed them with ſo much rapidity, that they begin a Thouſand things before they have finiſh'd one, and in finiſhing a Thouſand others before that they have begun 'em.

They are equally uncapable both of Attention and Patience; nothing is more ready than the effect of the Ear and Sight, and nevertheleſs they don't give themſelves time either to hear or ſee.

The *Pariſians* give attention to nothing but their Pleaſure and Conveniency; they are refin'd every Day: What a Refinement of Conveniency have not they invented

vented within this little while? Lodgings, Furniture, Carriages, Company, all is commodious for Love.

But let us begin to enter into the particulars of this City, you will ſee it more diſtinctly than in the whole, the Singularity of this City, of its Inhabitants and their Cuſtoms.

AMUSEMENT IV.

The Court of Judicature.

IN the middle of *Paris* there is a ſtately Structure, open to every body, and nevertheleſs almoſt ſhut up by the abundance of People that are eager to go in and come out.

One goes up by a great many Steps into a great Hall, where my Companion is amazed to ſee in one and the ſame place Men diverting themſelves on one ſide with Toys, and the reſt buſied by the Fear of Sentences, on which their all depends.

In this Shop one ſells Ribbons, in the other one ſells Land by decree: You hear on the right hand the Voice of a Merchant, who invites you to go and dine with him; and on

on the left, the hoarſe Voice of a Cryer, what Contraſt!

While the Traveller is reflecting on this Variety, he is frighten'd by the doleful Apparition of a multitude of Heads black and horn'd, that form'd in re-uniting themſelves a frightful Monſter, which they call *Carreltiny*, a litigious pleading, or perplexing of a Cauſe; and this Monſter bellows out ſo pernicious a Language, that one Word only is ſufficient to diſconſolate whole Families.

At certain regular Hours, there appears a grave and undaunted Man, whoſe Aſpect only vanquiſhes this Monſter, and makes him tremble. There is never a Day that he does not take out of his wide Mouth ſome Eſtate half devour'd.

A litigious Pleading is more dreadful than Injuſtice it ſelf. Injuſtice is open in ruining us, leaves us at leaſt the Comfort to have right to bemoan out ſelves; but the other, by its Formalities, wrongs us and deprives us of our Eſtates.

Juſtice is, to ſpeak properly, a beautiful Virgin diſguiſed and brought forth by the Pleader, follow'd by the Attorney, court-ed by the Councellor, and forbid by the Judge.

We are already in the Digreſſions the Critick will tell me. The Critick is in the

the wrong, for Digreſſions are preciſely my Subject, ſince that they are Amuſements. That is ſo true that I will continue 'em.

In form of Digreſſion, I inform you, that in all the Places of my Journey, where the Stranger ſhall puzzle me, I will forſake him as I am going to do, for to amuſe my ſelf in my own Reflections; but I deſign to take him again when I am weary of travelling alone. I intend alſo to forſake the Notion of travelling every time that the Fancy takes me; for far from confining my ſelf always to follow one Figure, I wou'd be able to vary the Figure, the Subject and the Stile at every Period for to be leſs tireſome to the Reader, for I know that Variety has a predominant Reliſh.

Tho' there is nothing laſting in this World, one may obſerve nevertheleſs in the Palace an everlaſting thing, that is *Law*: Certain Miniſters of its Crafty apply themſelves to perpetuate it, and make it their Religion to maintain the Ardour of Pleaders, as the Veſtals did among themſelves to keep up the Holy Fire.

'Tis a very admirable thing, that for all the frightful Noiſe that is made before the Tribunal, one cannot forbear ſleeping: I wiſh to Heaven, that when a Cauſe is to be

be decided, that the old Judges may be awake and the young ones aſleep.

They are nevertheleſs equitable enough; all the Confuſion is, to be able to inform them rightly in a Cauſe; how muſt it be done? They ſuſpect the Party, the Attorney entangles them, the Councellor puzzles them, the Sollicitor importunes them, and the Sollicitreſs diſtracts them; at all Riſques I am for the Sollicitreſs.

One of my Friends boaſted, that the moſt charming Woman in the World cou'd never make him forget that he was a Judge: I believe you anſwer'd I; but every Magiſtrate was a Man before he was a Judge. The firſt Emotion is for the Sollicitreſs, the ſecond for Juſtice.

A very handſome Counteſs to pre-poſſeſs in favour of an ill Cauſe the moſt auſtere Judge, was to ſollicite for a Colonel, againſt a Merchant.

This Merchant was then in the Cloſet of his Judge, who found his Buſineſs ſo clear and juſt, that he cou'd not but promiſe him the Cauſe.

At the ſame inſtant, the charming Counteſs appear'd in the *Anti-chamber*; the Judge ran to meet her; her Reſort, her Air, the Sound of her Voice, in ſhort ſollicited him with ſuch Charms, that at this moment he was more Man than Judge, and he promiſed

ſed the beautiful Counteſs, that the Colonel ſhould get the Cauſe. Here is the Judge engaged on both ſides. When he went into his Cloſet again, he found the Merchant diſconſolate: I ſaw, cry'd the poor Man quite out of himſelf, I ſaw She that ſollicited againſt me; how handſome was ſhe! oh Sir, my Cauſe is loſt! Suppoſe your ſelf in my place, anſwer'd the Judge, have I power to refuſe her what ſhe asks? In ſaying thus, he took out of a Purſe an Hundred Piſtoles, which was as much as the Merchant cou'd pretend to; and he gave him them. The Counteſs knew it, and as ſhe was virtuous to a ſcruple, ſo ſhe fear'd to have too great an Obligation to ſo generous a Judge, and ſent him preſently the Hundred Piſtoles. The Colonel, as genteel as the Counteſs, was ſcrupulous, gave her the Hundred Piſtoles again, and thus every one did as they ought. The Judge was afraid of being unjuſt, the Counteſs of an Obligation, the Colonel pay'd it back, and the Merchant was ſatisfied.

Wou'd you know my true Opinion on the Proceeding of this Judge; his firſt Emotion was for the Sollicitreſs, 'tis what I dare not pardon him for; his ſecond Emotion was for Juſtice, 'tis what I wonder at.

While

While I am amuſing my ſelf, my Traveller is loſt in the Palace; let us go ſeek him; I perceiv'd him in the great Hall, I call'd him, he wou'd have come to me, but cou'd not; the Crowd choaked him, the Current carried him away, he ſwum with his Elbows to ſave himſelf: He came to me at laſt, and for all the relation of what he came to ſee; he cryed: O this wicked Country! let us go away quickly never to return again.

Let us go, ſaid I to him, let us go to reſt; and to make us loſe the Idea of the Palace, we will go this Evening to the charming Country of the *Opera*.

AMUSEMENT V.

The Opera.

AT Four a Clock let us go to the *Opera*, it will take us up an Hour at leaſt to go thro' the Crowd that is about the Door.

You ſpeak improperly ſaid my Traveller to me, one ought not to ſay the Door of the *Opera*; and according to the magnificent Idea that I have form'd to my ſelf of

of the *Opera*, one ought not to go in but by a ſtately Porch.

There is the Entry, anſwer'd I to him, pointing with my Finger to a dark Wicket. And where then cry'd he? I ſee nothing but a little Hole in a Wall through which they diſtribute ſomething. Let us go forward: What does this mean? What Folly is it, to give a *Louisdor* for a bit of Paſtboard! But I am not any more amazed, that they buy them ſo dear, I perceive on the Paſtboard Characters, that have apparently ſome Magick Virtue in them.

You are not deceiv'd at all anſwer'd I, 'tis a Paſs-port for to enter into the Country of Inchantments: Let us go in quickly and place our ſelves on the Stage. On the Stage! Reply'd my Traveller, you jeſt; 'tis not we that are to act, we come to ſee them. 'Tis no matter ſaid I to him, let us go ſhow our ſelves: We ſee nothing, we hear nothing, but 'tis the deareſt Place, and by conſequence the moſt honourable. Nevertheleſs, as you are not yet uſed to the *Opera*, you wou'd not have this Sort of Pleaſure that indemnifies you from the loſs of the Sight. Follow me into a Box; until the Curtain is drawn up, I will tell you in a word the Countries that it hides from us.

The

The *Opera* is, as I have told you already, an Inchanted Abode, 'tis the Country of *Metamorphoſis*: One ſees very ſudden ones; there in the twinkling of an Eye Men are exalted to Demi-gods, and the Goddeſſes are very tractable; there the Traveller has not the trouble to run over the Country, they are Countries that travel before his Eyes; there without ſtirring out of ones Place, one goes from one End of the World to the other, and from Hell to the Elyſian Fields: Are you weary in a frightful Deſert? A Whiſtle carries you into the Country of the Gods; another Whiſtle carries you into the Country of the Fairies.

The Fairies of the *Opera* charm as the others; but their Inchantments are more natural,

Though there has been a great many Stories made on the Fairies of old, there are yet more on the Fairies of the *Opera*; they are not perhaps more true, but they are more like the Truth.

Theſe are naturally well made; nevertheleſs they are not reconciled to thoſe that love Riches, they are indifferent of them.

Let us ſpeak one word of the natural Inhabitants of the Country of the *Opera*: They are an odd Sort of People: They never ſpeak but in ſinging, nor walk but in dancing,

cing, and perſonate ſometimes one another, when they have the leaſt Deſire.

They extoll every thing that the King of *Orqueſter* does, ſo abſolute a Prince that by lifting up and letting down a Scepter like a Rowling-pin which he holds in his Hand, he rules this capricious People.

Reaſon is ſcarce among theſe People, as their Heads are full of Muſick, they think of nothing but Songs, and expreſs nothing but with Sounds, nevertheleſs they puſh the Knowledge of Notes ſo far, that if Reaſon cou'd be noted, they wou'd talk good Senſe without Book.

AMUSEMENT VI.

The Walks.

WE have two Sorts of Walks at *Paris*; in the one we go to ſee and be ſeen, in the other, not to ſee, nor be ſeen by any one.

The Ladies that have a ſolitary Inclination, ſeek out on purpoſe the By-ways of the Wood of *Bouloign*, where they make uſe of a Guide among them to carry them By-ways.

The

The Turnings of this Wood are ſo deceitful, that the moſt experienced Mothers have loſt themſelves in it ſometimes in looking for their Daughters.

From the Wood of *Bouloign* they come into the courſe; 'tis a Foreſt in Rings, where they take the Air a Horſe back and not a foot.

In a neighbouring Climate, that is call'd the *Tuilleries*, one goes to take the Air in a ſmothering Cloud of Duſt which hinders one from ſeeing thoſe that come to ſhow themſelves.

The Incommodiouſneſs of theſe Walks is, that one is tormented with a great many Inſects; with Flies in Summer, with Gnats in Autumn, and with Nouvelliſts all the year round.

When we came to the End of the great Walk of the *Tuilleries*, my Fellow Traveller was raviſh'd with a very agreeable Spectacle that preſented it ſelf to his Sight, there was nothing there that Day but Women, and the Alleys was all covered.

I never in my Life ſaid he ſmiling, ſaw ſo great a Flight! O the charming kind of Birds!

Theſe are, ſaid I to him diverting Birds, that change their Feathers two or three times a day.

They

They are of a fickle Inclination, of a weak Conſtitution, and of ſtrong Notes.

They never ſee Day but at the Sun ſetting, walk always raiſed on one Foot on the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their Creſts; in a word, the Generality of Women are Peacocks in the Walks, ſome are Magpies at home, and Doves in Bed.

This is a very hard Deſcription, ſaid my Traveller to me: Is this really natural? And are Women agreeable to this? Yes without doubt anſwer'd I to him: But I know Women that exalt themſelves above Women, and perhaps alſo above Men: In regard to them, I need not diſtinguiſh them from others, they diſtinguiſh themſelves well enough.

Nothing is more difficult to define than Women; and of all Women, the *Pariſian* Women are the moſt unfathomable.

The Spaniſh Women are all Spaniſh, the Italian all Italian *&c.* but in the *Pariſian* one finds the Spaniſh, the Italian, *&c.*

How many different Nations among the French.

The nice Nation of the Women of the World.

The Savage Nation of the Provincials.

The free Nation of Coquets.

The unruly Nation of faithful Wives.

The

The good natured Nation of Women that deceive their Husbands.

The train'd up Nation of Women of Intrigue.

The fearful Nation —— but there is no more to be ſaid of them than that.

The barbarous Nation of Mothers in Law.

The proud Nation of honourable Citizens Wives.

The wandering Nation of regular Viſiters.

And ſo many others, without counting the ſuperſtitious Nation of Goſſips at Chriſtnings; we ought to include them there, and aboliſh the Nation of Diviners who deceive, and who under the Pretext of telling what Perſons do, make them do things that they never wou'd have done.

I have ſuffer'd my Subject to go a little too far: 'Tis a ſtrange thing that we cannot ſpeak of Women with a juſt Moderation; we ſay always too much or too little; we ſpeak enough of virtuous Women, and they that are not ſo, ſpeak too much of themſelves.

Men wou'd do 'em all Juſtice, if they could ſpeak without Paſſion: But they never ſpeak at all of thoſe that are indifferent to them: They are prepoſſeſſed for thoſe they love, and againſt thoſe that they cannot make love them.

They make theſe latter paſs for unruly Folks, becauſe they are wiſe, and wiſer than they wou'd have them. This Outrage of Men ought to be a Juſtification for Women: But by ill luck one Part of the World takes a Pleaſure to rail, and the other to believe their Slanders.

Slander is of all Times and Countries; it is almoſt as old in the World as Virtue.

We ought to puniſh Slander more rigorouſly than Theft; it is more hurtful to civil Converſation: And it is more difficult to preſerve ones ſelf from a Slanderer than from a Thief.

We grant that they are both very deſpicable; nevertheleſs we eſteem them as they excell.

A fine and delicate Jeſter is very pleaſant in Converſation, and ſuch a one that appropriates himſelf ingeniouſly, to the other gets the Reſpect of thoſe whoſe Pocket he picks.

And ſeeing the Triumph of thoſe, we may ſay that this is neither the Slander, nor the Theft that we blame others for, but only their Ignorance: They are puniſh'd in not knowing how to attain to the Perfection of their Art.

You leave your Subject, ſaid my Traveller to me, you ſpeak of Slander in general, and

and we have nothing to do with any but that of Men to the Ladies; I bring you back a *Propos* to certain Laws which were formerly propoſed by a Law-giver of *Siam*. One of theſe Laws ſuffer'd Women to ſlander one another, becauſe that it is impoſſible to hinder them; and the more becauſe that being gallant, ſuch a one that accuſes his Neighbour, may be alſo accuſed, according to the Law of Juſtice; retalliate it. But how wou'd you have a Woman revenge her ſelf of a Man, who will declare abroad that he is her Gallant, wou'd you have her declare ſhe is his Miſtreſs?

I wou'd fain know, why it is more diſgraceful to one Sex than another, to yield to love? But to treat ſeriouſly of this Queſtion, 'twill take up the Mind too much; let us divert our ſelves only by a comical Thought.

Men have made it their Glory to conquer Women, and Women theirs to defend themſelves well: He that makes one fall in love with him, ſings his Victory; ſhe that loves, owns herſelf vanquiſh'd.

If it was true that the Ladies were more weak than us, their Falls ought to be more pardonable; and ſee how the Queſtion concludes in Favour of them.

It muſt be well for Men ſays he, that you wou'd think your ſelves weaker than your Wives, ſince you wou'd have them forgive you all, when you forgive them nothing.

It ſeems, continued he, that as ſoon as you have got a Wife by Contract, ſhe ought to ſuffer her ſelf to be intirely yours, without her daring to be unwilling, that you ſhou'd be intirely hers: What Tyranny is it of Men thus to uſurp the Right of living, without Puniſhment, unfaithful.

They have not gain'd ſo much of that as they think, ſaid I to my Traveller; have not the Husbands the better Part of the Diſgrace, that is got by the Unfaithfulneſs of the Wives? And to come again to Slander, can we ſlander a Wife without wronging her Husband?

Since railing againſt Women has ſuch dangerous Conſequences, and that we cannot hinder it, I wiſh at leaſt that every one was obliged to prove clearly the Faults they accuſe them of. As Proofs in the like Caſes are difficult, this might appeaſe the furious Tongues of our young Calumniators.

They may let themſelves looſe againſt thoſe that are ſtarched, for we plainly ſee this, that they have too much in their Faces;

ces; but we cannot ſee what is wanting in their Honour.

'Tis this difficulty of Power that makes it ſo, that we ſlander the wiſe ſo boldly; for in Things where it is impoſſible to ſhow the Truth, we pretend that the Appearance of Truth is ſufficient.

'Tis Slander to attack with the Tongue a Virtue between two Swords. 'Tis Calumny to publiſh, that a prudent Perſon is not ſo. To ſay that an ugly Lady is not handſome, is neither Slander nor Calumny; but 'tis an heinous Crime that the Ladies will never forgive.

The greateſt Part are yet more jealous of their Reputation on the Score of Beauty, than on Honour; and ſuch a one that has need of all the Morning to perfect her Charms, wou'd be more vex'd to be ſurprized at her Toilet, than with a Gallant.

This does not amaze me: The chief Virtue according to Women is to pleaſe; and to pleaſe Men, Beauty is a more ſure way than Prudence.

Some love in Women Sweetneſs and Modeſty; others Briskneſs and good Humour, but Approbation and Beauty are according to every ones Inclination.

A Young Perſon that has no other Fortune than the Hopes of pleaſing; is very much puzzled, to know what Courſe to take

for to proſper in the World; if ſhe is plain? She is diſlik'd; if a prude, ſhe is ſhunn'd; if a Coquet, ſhe is forſaken: For to manage right, ſhe muſt be a prude, plain, and a Coquet altogether; Plainneſs wins, Coquetry amuſes, and Prudery detains.

If it is difficult for Women to keep themſelves up with Men, it is yet much more difficult for them to keep themſelves up with Women themſelves: She that ſtands on the point of Virtue, incurs Envy: She that ſtands on the point of Gallantry, Diſdain; but ſhe that ſtands on nothing, eſcapes Diſdain and Envy, and ſaves herſelf between two Extreams.

This Management ſurpaſſes the Capacity of a young Girl: They that are young and handſome, are expoſed to great Dangers; they ſtand in need of Reaſon to defend themſelves, and by ill luck Reaſon never comes but after Youth, Beauty and the Dangers are paſt. Why muſt it be that Reaſon does not appear as ſoon as Beauty, ſince that the one is made to defend the other.

It does not depend on a Girls being handſome, the only Feature of Beauty that they can all have, and which they have not always is Modeſty, and of all the Features of Beauty, 'tis the moſt eaſy to loſe.

She that has not yet been in Love, is aſham'd of her firſt Weakneſs, that ſhe wou'd hide it from herſelf: For the ſecond, ſhe is contented to hide it from others; but for the third, ſhe does not care to hide it from any Body.

When Modeſty is once loſt, it never returns any more than Youth.

They that have loſt real Modeſty, have an affected one, who put it on with much more Eaſe than a natural one: I know ſome that are frighten'd at a Word, that hath the leaſt double meaning in it, and who ſhow too much Fear of Things that they ought not to know.

A Young Lady of this Character, was in Company with her younger Siſter, who was come out of a Convent, ſome body in Company told a gallant Adventure; but he told it in ſuch obſcure Words, that a young Lady without Experience, cou'd not comprehend any thing; the more the Relation was obſcure, the more this younger Siſter was attentive, and ſhe ſhow'd plainly her Curioſity, the Elder willing to ſhow that ſhe had more Modeſty than her younger Siſter, cry'd; hoe, fye, Siſter, can you hear without bluſhing, what this Gentleman ſays: Alas! Anſwer'd the younger innocently, I do not know yet when I muſt bluſh.

This happy Ignorance is quite oppoſite to the Ability of theſe politick Heroins, who preſerve a kind of Order in Diſorder it ſelf.

Every thing is regular in a Woman that knows herſelf; he that loſes his Money Incomplaiſance, gives place to him that lends his Coach to take the Air; the young Heir begins where the ruined Cully left of; ſuch a one that pays for the Collation, is extoll'd by him that eats it: And when the Officer comes in at the Door, the Merchant muſt go out at the Window.

This Regularity of Coquets does not prevent virtuous Women from deſpiſing them, and this Diſdain does not prevent them from imitating them; don't they learn them a good Carriage, the Knowledge of living and gallant Faſhions? They ſpeak, dreſs, and ſet themſelves off as they do; they muſt follow the current Right: They are the Coquets that invent the new Words and Faſhions; all is done by them and for them: Nevertheleſs, with all theſe Advantages, there is a great Difference between the one and the other; the Reputation of virtuous Women is more ſolid, thoſe of Coquets more inlarg'd.

I perceive I ſtay too much in this place of my Journey, we divert our ſelves always more than we ſhou'd with the Ladies, ſince we

we are here, let us ſhow our Man of *Siam* the Country of Gallantry, of which they are all the Ornament.

Of Gallantry.

Let us come into this charming Country and view at firſt —— but what can we ſee? Gallantry formerly ſo cultivated, ſo flouriſhing, frequented by ſo many honeſt People, is now over-grown with Weeds and forſaken: What Deſert! Alas! I perceive nothing elſe.

Let us follow the new Faſhion, without amuſing our ſelves with Gallantry, we will go all on a ſudden to Matrimony.

AMUSEMENT VII.

Of Matrimony.

IT is very difficult to ſpeak of Matrimony, in a manner that pleaſes every one. They that have nothing to do with it will be raviſh'd, that I give a comical Deſcription of it. The ſerious Husband will ſay, curſe that pleaſant Fellow; if he was in my Place, he wou'd not have ſo

much Reaſon to laugh. If I moralize too ſorrowfully on the Inconveniences of Marriage, thoſe that have a Deſire to marry, will complain that I ſhall put them out of conceit with ſo charming a State. What Note ſhall I take then? I am very much perplex'd.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover: I wou'd have it ſaid, this paſſionate Lover accompanied with all Graces. Above all remember that *Hymen* ought to be more beautiful than *Adonis*: He muſt have in his Hand a Torch more lively than that of Love. In ſhort, make uſe of all your Imagination; I will pay you for your Picture in proportion, as the Subject is delicate. The Painter who knew his Liberality, forgot nothing to ſatisfy him, and brought him the Picture on the Night before his Wedding. Our young Lover was not ſatisfyed with it: There wants ſaid he to this Figure a certain Gayety of Air, certain Agreeableneſs, certain Charms; in ſhort, this is not according to the Idea, that I have of *Hymen*: You have made a moderate Beauty, you ſhall be moderately rewarded.

The Painter who had as much ready Wit, as Genius for painting, anſwer'd him preſently.

You

You have Reaſon, ſaid he to him, not to be contented with the Beauty of my Picture, it is not yet dry; this Face is ſunk in, and to ſpeak freely, I lay my Colours on after ſuch a manner, that my Painting makes no ſhow at firſt; I will bring you this Picture again ſome Months hence; and at that time you ſhall pay me according to its Beauty: I am ſure that it will appear quite otherwiſe. Farewell, Sir, I am not urgent for Money.

The Painter carried his Work back again: Our young Lover was married the next Day, and ſome Months paſs'd without any Appearance of the Painter: At length, he brought the Picture again: Our young Husband was ſurprized, when he ſaw it; you have promiſed me true, ſaid he that time ſhou'd beautify your Painting: O what Difference is there! I don't know it again, I admire that time ſhou'd have ſuch an Effect on your Colours, and I admire yet more, your Ability; nevertheleſs I can't forbear telling you, that this Face is a little too gay; theſe Eyes too lively; for in ſhort, the Fires of *Hymen* ought not to appear, ſo bright as thoſe of Love; they are Flames more ſolid than the Flames of *Hymen.* Moreover, the Poſture of your Figure is a little too airy, a little too free, and you have given it a ſporting Gayety

that

that does not become it. —— In ſhort, this is not *Hymen*. Very well, Sir, ſaid the Painter to him, what I foreſaw is come to paſs; *Hymen* is at preſent leſs beautiful in your Eye, than in my Picture, this was quite the contrary two or three Months ago, 'tis not my Picture that is changed, but your Fancy; you was a Lover then, now you are a Husband.

I underſtand you, interrupted the married Man; let us break off here: Your Picture is beyond my Expectation. It is juſt that the Payment ſhou'd be beyond yours; there is a Purſe that contains as much again as you cou'd hope for. Take it Sir, leave me the Picture. No, Sir, reply'd the Painter, no, I wont leave it you, I will give you another that may pleaſe Lovers, and married Men, and that ſhould be the chief Work of Painting. Indeed the Painter made another Picture, in which he work'd with ſo much Art, by certain optick and perſpective Lines, that the Portrait of *Hymen* appear'd charming to thoſe that were afar off: But nigh at hand is was not ſo: He order'd it to be plac'd at the End of an agreeable Gallery, on a kind of *Alcove*, and for to go upon this, one muſt go through a ſlippery Paſſage; on this ſide of that, it was a charming Sight; but

as

as ſoon as one had gone thro' the Paſſage; farewel to the Charms.

If you comprehend the difficulty of deſcribing Matrimony according to every one's Inclination, ſuſpend your Criticks here; I will preſent you with my Idea of it, chooſe what Proſpect you like beſt in it.

To reſume our Stile of travelling, I'll tell you at firſt, that Matrimony is a Country that peoples all others, the Citizens Wives are more fruitful than the Nobility's; 'tis perhaps becauſe the great Lords take more Pleaſure in their Neighbours Wives than in their own; Matrimony has the property of changing the Minds of thoſe that are ſetled in it; it makes ſometimes a pleaſant Man ſtupid, and a good-humour'd Man peeviſh; and alſo a witty Woman ſometimes makes a ſtupid and moroſe Man good-natur'd.

They marry for different Motives; ſome for Love, others for Reaſons; this without knowing what he does, and that not knowing what to do afterwards.

There are Men ſo oppreſs'd with Eaſe, Idleneſs and Inſenſibility, that they marry only to divert themſelves: At firſt the Choice of a Wife employs them; then Viſits, Ceremonies; but after the laſt Ceremony,

remony, Diſquiet ſeizes them more than ever.

How many Husbands and Wives do we ſee, who in the ſecond Year of their Converſation, have nothing any more common but the Name, Quality, ill Humour and Miſery?

I don't wonder that there are ſo many that lead ſuch ill Lives together, ſince they marry either all on their own Heads, or elſe to pleaſe others.

He that marries altogether on his own Head, not ſeeing in a Woman, what every body ſees in her, is in danger of ſeeing more in her than others have ſeen.

The other that has not Senſe enough to chooſe for himſelf, leaves it to his Match-maker, who knows exactly the Rates of Settlements, and the current Price of Girls that are marriageable. Theſe cunning Women have the Talent of matching the Qualities, Fortunes, Families, every thing in ſhort but Humours and Inclinations, which they don't trouble themſelves about.

With the Aſſiſtance of theſe buſy Women, we ſtrike up a Marriage like a *Smithfield* Bargain; we cheapen, we ask too much, we underbid, in ſhort we are taken at our Words.

Others that have not time to barter, will raiſe upon a rich Widow with a Scrivener,

ner, as much as we do on the King's Offices.

'Tis not altogether the Fault of the Medlers if we are deceiv'd in the Women, they give you Memorials; they examine into nothing but the Articles of the Families and the Fortunes, they lay the Woman aſide, which we find by the Sequel.

After all I have ſaid, I am not afraid of telling, that they that marry themſelves may be happy.

But it is not marrying themſelves; 'tis Trading, or to marry a Woman for her Fortune.

'Tis not marrying themſelves, 'tis contenting themſelves, to marry a Woman for her Beauty.

'Tis not marrying, 'tis Dotage to marry a young Woman for Company.

What is Matrimony then? 'Tis to make choice of a Woman with Diſcernment, at leiſure, by Inclination and without Intereſt, and a Woman that makes choice of you at the ſame time.

The Country of Matrimony is ſo particular, that Strangers are very deſirous of dwelling in it, and the natural Inhabitants wou'd gladly be baniſh'd from it.

One cannot be divorc'd from Marriage, but by a Separation; and there is no ſure way out of it but that of Widowhood.

Tho'

Tho' Widowhood ſuppoſes the Death of one of the Couple, it appears to me leſs dreadful than Separation.

Thoſe that are parted are ſavage Beaſts, incapable of the charming Bonds of Society.

In ordinary caſes of Separation, don't we wrong the Women? For ſometimes the Husbands are the Cauſes of their Wives injuring them, and they wrong themſelves by telling in publick that their Wives have injured them.

You ought to expect that I ſhou'd ſpeak of Widowhood, 'tis a large and very copious Subject; but it is too difficult to treat of.

How muſt I ſpeak of Widows? If I deſcribe 'em but half ſorry for the Death of their Husbands, I ſhall be undecent; if I inlarge upon their Afflictions, I ſhall be offenſive to the Truth.

Tho' moroſe Men may ſay, there is no Widowhood without Sadneſs: Is it not a very melancholy Condition to be always obliged to feign a continual Sorrow: To act the melancholy Part, as that of a Widow, who wou'd not make mention of it?

There are Widows, whoſe Sighs and Tears coſts 'em nothing; I knew one, on the contrary, who indeed did what ſhe cou'd

cou'd to afflict her ſelf; but Nature refuſed her the Gift of Tears; nevertheleſs ſhe wou'd make her Husband's Parents pity her, for what ſhe had, depended on them.

One Day her Brother, who was very much afflicted, reproach'd her that ſhe had not ſhed a Tear; alas! anſwer'd the Widow, my poor Spirits have been ſo oppreſs'd with this ſudden Blow, that I am almoſt ſenſleſs; great Griefs are not to be perceiv'd at firſt, but in the concluſion I am ſure I ſhall die.

I know, reply'd the Brother in Law, that too great Griefs are not to be perceiv'd at firſt; I know too that violent Griefs are not of any long continuance: Thus, Madam, you will be all amazed, that your Grief ſhou'd be gone before you find it.

Another Widow was in deſpair, and it was not without a Cauſe; ſhe had loſt on the ſame Day the beſt Husband, and the prettieſt little Bitch in *Paris*.

This double Widowhood had reduced her into a Condition that made her Friends fearful of her Life. No body durſt ſpeak to her of eating or drinking; no body durſt comfort her. It is dangerous to oppoſe a Woman's Grief, 'tis better to leave it to Time and Inconſtancy to do it. Nevertheleſs

vertheleſs for to uſe the Widow by little and little, to ſupport the Reflection of her Loſſes, a good Friend ſpoke to her at firſt of her little Bitch; only by the Name of little Bitch, here was Howling and Noiſe, ſhe fainted away at laſt: I have done well, cry'd the prudent Friend, not ſo much as to ſpeak of her Husband, ſhe wou'd then have been quite dead!

The next Day, the Name of little Bitch did not make the Tears flow in ſuch abundance, that they hoped the Source wou'd quickly be dry'd up, and the zealous Friend believ'd, that ſhe might venture at the Name of Husband.

Alas! ſaid ſhe to her, if only the Name of little Bitch afflicts you ſo much, how much wou'd you be ſo, if one was to ſpeak of your Husband? but I ſhall take care: The poor little Bitch! You will never have ſuch another; nevertheleſs ſhe is very happy to be dead, for you wou'd not have loved her any more: Can one love any thing after having loſt a Husband?

'Twas thus that this ingenious Friend mix'd rightly together the Idea of Husband, with that of the little Bitch; knowing very well, that ſometimes Two exceſſive Griefs deſtroy one another by diverting 'em. She obſerv'd, that at the Name of little

little Bitch the Tears increaſed, and that they ſtopt very quickly at the Name of Husband; 'twas without doubt, a Swoon; we know that Tears are but for moderate Griefs. Whether they be ſo or no, the poor afflicted Lady ſpent a great many Days and Nights in this Alternative of Tears and Swoons.

At length, the good Friend look'd out for a little Bitch, and found one handſomer than that that was dead: She made her a Preſent of it; but the Widow did not accept of it but with Tears: The new Bitch was happily ſo belov'd in Eight Days time, that ſhe never bewail'd the other; and this is the conſequence of what the Friend did for her.

If a new Bitch put a Stop to the Tears, perhaps a new Husband might put a Stop to the Swoons; but alas! the one is not ſo eaſy as the other; the new Dog was loved in Eight Days time, and there muſt be above Three Months to make the Widow conſent to marry again.

Tho' I may give my ſelf liberty to leave my Traveller of *Siam*, he is ſo pleaſing, that I won't loſe ſight of him, I have need of his Authority for certain empty Idea's, that now appear to me of the Faculty and the Univerſity. Theſe are Countries, where plain and natural Notions are not very well

well receiv'd; a Traveller muſt ſpeak, if he can, the Language of the Countries he goes through: I will then raiſe my Stile, and figure my Expreſſions, to be more intelligible to the Doctors.

AMUSEMENT VIII.

The Univerſity.

IN the Latin Country, every thing is obſcure; the Habitations, the Cloathing, the Language, and the Arguments themſelves.

Nobility nor Courage, are of any uſe to attain to the Dignities of the Republick of Learning; they are very wiſe, and ſometimes the moſt obſtinate, that uſurp the Government. Every Houſe is a Kingdom, or rather an Empire, where every Soverain has his Scepter, his Court of Juſtice, his Laws and his Arms: and there is one ſo powerful among them, that he governs Four Nations in one College.

One muſt travel a long while to go thro' the Country of Knowledge; tho' at laſt there appears to be none at all; the only thing they explain neatly, is, that one and one makes Two; what makes this

this ſo clear, is, that they knew it before they made a Science of it.

Let it be as it will, *Geometry* is of great uſe, it is among other things to try the Mind, as the Crucible is to try Gold; the pure Spirits are refin'd, the falſe ones evaporate.

The *Geometricians* proceed on ſo ſolid a Ground, that after having laid the firſt Stone, they raiſe their Buildings, without Fear, juſt to the Heavens.

On a far diſtant Soil, the Philoſophers build their lofty Edifices, which they call *Syſtems:* They begin to lay the Foundations in the Air; and when they believe 'em to be moſt ſolid, the Building vaniſhes away, and the Architecture tumbles down from the Clouds.

The Country of *Syſtems* is very amuſing; among other particulars, we ſee a number of Needles gather'd together round a little black Stone, a number of great Men running after little Bodies; one weighs the Air, another meaſures Heat, Coldneſs, Dryneſs and Moiſture; great Diſcoveries for the Uſefulneſs of Men; without ſtudying, they need but caſt their Eyes on a Weather-glaſs to know, whether it will be hot or cold, whether it wil be rainy or fair Weather.

Drawn away by theſe Charms of Learning, one ſeeks for Guides to go forward in Philoſophy; one perceives an old *Grecian*, who for theſe Two Thouſand Years has been Maſter of a hollow obſcure Road; on the other hand, one ſees a raſh Youth that dares beat a Road quite oppoſite. This is ſo ingeniouſly levell'd, that any one may walk at his Eaſe, and in which one thinks alſo to ſee more clearly than in the other: Theſe Two Guides ruin themſelves by crying, this is the Way, this is the only Road that muſt lead to diſcover all the Secrets of Nature: If any one ſhou'd ask me which of theſe Two is in the right, I ſhou'd ſay, that the one has the Right of Antiquity for him, and the other that of Novelty; and in caſe of Opinion, theſe Two Rights draw to 'em more wiſe Men than Reaſon it ſelf.

He that undertakes the Journey of Philoſophy, wou'd do well to go with theſe Two Guides both at once; but he dares not engage himſelf in the Road, where they ſpeak of nothing but Accidents and Privation. He finds himſelf all of a ſudden ſeiz'd with Cold, with Heat, with Dryneſs and Moiſture; penetrated by ſubtil Matter, ſurrounded by Tempeſts, and ſo frighted by the Horror of Vacuity, that he wou'd run back inſtead of coming forwards.

One

One ought to comfort one ſelf for not going into this Country; for thoſe that have never been in it, know almoſt as much as they that come out of it.

Before my Traveller of *Siam* goes from the Univerſity to the Faculty, it is fit he ſhou'd obſerve, that

In the Countries of Knowledge, we wander.

In the Palace we loſe our ſelves.

In the Walks, we find our ſelves again.

And we need not ſeek any further in Matrimony.

We advance a little at Court.

We go a great way with the Women.

And we never return again from the Kingdom of Faculty.

AMUSEMENT IX.

The Faculty.

THE Country of *Faculty*, is ſituated on the Paſſage of this World into the other.

'Tis a Climacterical Country; where we breath a refreſhing Air, a great Enemy to natural Heat.

Thoſe

Thoſe that travel in this Country, ſpend a great deal, and dye of Hunger.

The Language is very learned, and thoſe that ſpeak it, are very ignorant.

One learns commonly Languages to be able to expreſs plainly what one knows; but, it ſeems, the Phyſicians learn their Gibberiſh for nothing, but to confound what they don't underſtand.

How much do I pity a ſick Perſon of Senſe! He muſt oppoſe the Arguments of the Phyſician, the Diſeaſe, the Remedies and Emptineſs all at once. One of my Acquaintance, whom all this together made delirious, had a perplexing Viſion, which ſav'd his Life: He thought he ſaw the Fever in the Shape of a fiery Monſter, that continually purſued and increaſed upon the ſick Perſon, that a Guide came and took him by the Wriſt, for to make as if he wou'd help him over a River of Blood: This poor ſick Man had not Strength to get over, and was drown'd. The Guide was paid, and run to another ſick Man, dragged along by a Torrent of Chicken-broth and Emulſion: My Friend made uſe of this Viſion, diſmiſs'd his Phyſician, and he did well; for nothing hinders People from recovering when alone.

The

The Abſence of the Phyſicians is a ſoverain Remedy to him, that has no recourſe to a coaxing Cheat.

There is no ſuch thing as an honeſt Quack: This Stranger, for example, is very ſincere; he ſells Spring-water for half a Crown a Bottle; he ſays there is an hidden Virtue in his Water that cures the greateſt Evils; he ſwears it, and ſwears true, ſince this Water cures him of Poverty, which includes the greateſt Evils.

At *Paris* there are Phyſicians like Almanacks, the neweſt are the moſt conſulted; but their Reign alſo, like that of Almanacks, ends with the Year.

When a ſick Perſon leaves himſelf intirely to Nature, he runs a great Hazard; when he leaves himſelf intirely to Phyſicians, he runs a great Hazard alſo: But ſince it muſt be hap-hazard, I would rather truſt to Nature; for at leaſt one's ſure ſhe acts *bonâ fide*, as ſhe ought to do, for ſhe has no Intereſt in making a Diſeaſe laſt long.

There is ſome Reſemblance between Phyſicians and Stewards: Stewards ruin the beſt eſtabliſh'd Families, and Phyſicians, Bodies of the beſt Conſtitutions: The ruined Families enrich the Stewards, and the ruined Bodies the Phyſicians.

One ought to oblige all Phyſicians to marry: Is it not Juſtice that they reſtore into the World ſome Men for thoſe that they put out of it every Minute.

I forgive thoſe that at the point of Death give themſelves over to the Phyſicians; and thoſe who at their laſt Stake, abandon themſelves to Gaming.

AMUSEMENT X.

Of Gaming.

GAming is a kind of an Inheritance free for every one; I ſaw Two *Gaſcoigns* the other Day ſucceed a *Pariſian*, who wou'd never think of making his Will.

Lanſquenet is a kind of a Commonwealth ill govern'd, where every body is equal, and yet the moſt in ſubjection; the meaneſt Man, if his Card gives it him, takes the Money before a Duke or Peer.

One baniſhes from theſe privileged Places, not only Subordination and Reſpect, but alſo all ſorts of Regards, of Compaſſion and Humanity; the Heart is hard, and void of Pity; ſo that one Man's Grief is another Man's Joy.

The

The *Grecians* of old met together to ſee the Gladiators fight, that is to ſay, to kill one another: they call'd this kind of Sport their Games; what Barbarity! but are we leſs barbarous, we that call a Game a Meeting at *Lanſquenet*, or to uſe the Expreſſion of the Gameſters themſelves, we go there for no other purpoſe, but to cut one another's Throats.

One Day my Traveller went unawares to a *Baſſet Table*; he was oddly amazed at this Sight: Suppoſe your ſelf a ſuperſtitious Inhabitant of *Siam*, and one that has no Knowledge of our manner of playing, you will grant, that his Idea, all abſtracted and all viſionary as it appear'd, had however ſome likeneſs of Truth in it: Here is his own Letter that he writ in his own Country.

The Fragment of a Letter from Siam.

The *French* ſay, that they worſhip but one God, I believe nothing of it; for beſides the living Divinities to which they offer their Vows, they have a great many lifeleſs ones that they ſacrifice to, as I have obſerved in their Meetings, which I went into by chance.

One ſees there a great round Altar, ſet off with green Tapeſtry, lighted in the

middle, and ſurrounded with a great many Perſons ſeated as we are, at our domeſtick Sacrifices.

Juſt as I went in, one of them, who was likely the Prieſt, ſpread upon the Altar Leaves torn out of a little Book that he held in his Hand: On theſe Leaves were repreſented ſome Figures; theſe Figures were very ill painted; nevertheleſs theſe may be ſuppos'd the Images of ſome Divinities; for as ſoon as they were diſtributed round about, every one of the Standers by put up an Offering every one according to his Devotion. I obſerved that theſe Offerings were much more conſiderable, than thoſe that they make in the private Churches.

After this Ceremony which I have ſpoke of, the Prieſt lays his Hand trembling over the reſt of the Book, and remains ſometimes ſeized with Fear and motionleſs; all the others attentive to what he does, are in ſuſpence, and immoveable like him. Then at every Leaf that he turns, thoſe immoveable Standers by are every now and then differently agitated, according as the Spirit ſeizes them; one praiſes Heaven clapping his Hands together, another fixes his Eyes on his Image grinning, another bites his Fingers and ſtrikes his Feet againſt the Ground; all in ſhort make ſuch Poſtures

ſtures and extraordinary wry Mouths, that they did not ſeem to be Men. But the Prieſt had ſcarce turn'd over a certain Leaf, when he began to be in a great Paſſion, he tore the Book, and overcome with Rage, overturned the Altar, and curſed the Sacrifice; one cou'd hear nothing but Complaints, Bewailings, Cries and Imprecations: Seeing them ſo tranſported and furious, I judged that the God that they adored was a jealous God, who to puniſh them for ſacrificing to others, had ſent a wicked Spirit to every one to poſſeſs 'em.

This is what an Inhabitant of *Siam* may judge of the Maggots of Gameſters; what wou'd not he have thought, if he had met with Female ones?

No, Love never cauſed ſo much Diſorder among Women, as the Zeal of Gaming. How can they give themſelves up to a Paſſion that alters their Temper, their Health, their Beauty, which alters I know not what? But this Repreſentation is not at all advantageous to them, let us draw the Curtain aſide.

I don't know why the publick Places where they play, have uſurp'd the Name of Academy, if 'tis that one learns ſometimes to ſpend all ones Fortune, to win another's cunningly.

One finds in *Paris* a great many Academies, that have all different Proſpects in their Eſtabliſhment.

The Academy of Muſick to excite Paſſions.

The Academy of Philoſophy to calm them.

The Academy to obſerve the Courſe of the Stars.

The Academy to rule the Courſe of Words.

The Academy of Eloquence and Painting, which learn to immortalize Men.

The Academy of Fencing that teaches to kill.

There are beſides theſe, a great many drunken Academies, where good Wine Conners and fine Slicers teach the Art of Eating and Drinking; an Art that is very much brought to Perfection within this little while. They are rich private Perſons that belong to theſe Academies of Pleaſure, for one need not go far in thoſe that are publick, but one may obſerve a great many young Men, who, for having lived delicioufly ſome Years, are ready to dye for Hunger the reſt of their Life.

If the Country of Ordinaries is deſert, in recompence, that of Coffee-houſes is very populous.

Every

Every Coffee-houſe is an illuminated Palace; at the Entry of which there appears a Bar-keeper or Two, that attract you at firſt View, to get you into Corners out of ſight.

There are a great many Knight Errants, who come and place themſelves at one and the ſame Table, without knowing one another; they no ſooner ſee you, but they bring you a certain black Liquor, that has the Virtue to make you talk together; and 'tis then that you tell your Adventures: To the Charms of Coffee they add *Fereoulet* and *Ratafia*, which finiſhes the Enchantment of theſe Knights: By the force of this Charm one is obliged to give himſelf up to Sleep, another languiſhes for the Barkeeper, and another like an *Orlando furioſo*, goes to ſignalize his Valour in running about the Streets.

Let us ſay a Word or Two of the rich Country of the *Mercer's Shops*; 'tis there that Luxury conducts you into the Magazine of *Peru*, where they meaſure Wedges of Gold and Silver by the Ell, and a Woman after having travell'd with ſome liberal Stranger, takes upon her more than her Husband can afford, and draws after her tail all the Subſtance of a Creditor.

On the contrary, the good Market will bring you into a Country, where Chance

cloaths you, there a number of troubleſome officious People call to them that go by, ſtop them, pull 'em about, and tear their new New Cloaths off their Backs to put 'em on old ones.

In a neighbouring Country, one ſees a great pav'd Garden, open indifferently to every one; one ſees there in Winter as well as Summer, Flowers and Fruits at the ſame time; every Day they gather 'em, and every Night they grow again.

Are there not Nymphs placed about this Garden, that live every one in their Tun? They have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but like that Philoſopher, they ſay to them that come firſt what they think.

I ſhou'd never have done, if I ſhou'd undertake to go thro' all the Countries that are included in *Paris*; the Gown, the Sword, the Treaſury, every Station in ſhort is like a ſeparate Country, that has its Cuſtoms and Jargon.

You ſee there the fertile Country of Traffick.

The ungrateful Country of the *Philoſophers Stone.*

The cold Country of the *Novelliſts.*

The hot Country of *Diſputants.*

The flat Country of *bad Poets.*

The deſert Country of *virtuous Women.*

The

The beaten Country of Coquets; and an infinite number of others, without counting ruin'd Countries inhabited by a great many wandring Perſons, that ſeek to lead others aſtray: They are of eaſy Acceſs and of dangerous Commerce; ſome have the Secret of pleaſing without Conduct, and being fond without Love.

AMUSEMENT XI.

The Drawing Room.

IT will take up too long time to carry my Traveller from Country to Country; let us ſpare our ſelves the Trouble of going thro' the reſt of the World.

For to know all the different Characters, it will be ſufficient to frequent certain numerous Aſſemblies, where one ſees *Paris* in ſhort. Theſe Aſſemblies are kinds of Meetings of the Citizens, which are in imitation of thoſe at Court. Let us ſay a Word of this before we ſpeak of the other.

The *Drawing Room* is a grave Aſſembly, and ill ſeated on little Stools ſet round about; there all Women ſpeak and no one hears; they argue about nothing, they decide all, and the moſt varied Diſcourſes

are *Stanza's* of Verſes, the Cadence of which is either Sly-ſlanders or groſs Flattery.

The City *Drawing Room* is a familiar Aſſembly, or free Council, where they condemn their Neighbours Affairs without hearing the Parties.

Theſe Courts of Judicature know equally the great and popular Matters, all is under their Juriſdiction; there Caprices preſide, and 'tis there properly that one finds as many different Opinions as Heads: The ſame Judge is one while ſevere, and another while indulgent; ſometimes grave, ſometimes merry, and is uſed there as I have my Amuſements; one goes in a moment. From the ſerious to the comical, from great to little, and ſometimes a ſudden Reflexion on a Woman's Head-clothes hinders the Deciſion of a moral Point propounded.

There are there Twenty Sentences paſs'd at once; the Men put in their Verdicts when they can, and the Women as they will; for they have Two Voices to one.

The Liberty that is in this Aſſembly gives leave to all ſorts of People to make themſelves known, and to know others; every one ſpeaks according to their Notions, Inclinations and Genius.

The

The young Folks tell what they do, the old what they have done, and the Fools what they wou'd do.

The ambitious ſpeak againſt Idleneſs, the idle againſt Ambition.

The Traders abhor War, and the Soldier curſes the Peace.

The wiſe deſpiſe the rich for coveting Riches; the rich deſpiſe intirely Knowledge and the wiſe.

Reaſonable People blame Love, and Lovers revolt againſt Reaſon.

Thoſe that are not married, condemn the jealous Husbands; and thoſe that are ſo, juſtify them.

A young hot-headed, vigorous and healthy Fellow, ſhews by his Diſcourſe that he believes himſelf Immortal, and that he is afraid his Father is not ſo. An old Man offended at this Idea, took the young one under hand: Know, ſaid he to him in a ſevere Tone, that every Age is equal for the Continuance of Life; a Man of Fourſcore is yet young enough to live; and a Child of Four Days is yet old enough to die.

I comprehend, reply'd the Giddy-head, that you are young enough to live to day, and old enough to die to morrow.

Thoſe that you come to hear have nothing to do but to ſpeak, for to make 'em

appear

appear what they are: Others in their Diſcourſes and in their Manners, appear quite contrary to what they are.

You admire the Vivacity of a Provincial, that ſhines by his Flaſhes of Wit; don't be deceiv'd, theſe are Flaſhes of Memory, the Imagination has no part in it.

Such a one pretends to have a right to Wit; is an Eagle in the Sciences, in Buſineſs a Starling, and that Blockhead that conſiders in Converſation, is a Ferret in the Treaſury.

See this lifeleſs Figure, this indolent Wretch that expoſes himſelf in an Elbow-chair, he takes no notice of what is ſaid in his Preſence; you wou'd conclude by this, that he is employ'd in the greateſt Buſineſs, that his Head is full: Nothing is more empty; this is equally incapable of Buſineſs and Mirth, he ſleeps at Play, he neglects the moſt diverting Comedies; he has a conſiderable Charge, has a handſom Wife, and he is no more taken with one than another.

Beliſa enters into the Aſſembly: You judge ill, becauſe ſhe is too pleaſant, and too free of Words, nevertheleſs ſhe is a *Lucretia* in her Conduct, and her Companion that ſpeaks for *Lucretia*, is perhaps a *Saïs* in her Actions.

This

This young unexperienced Perſon never hears the Word Love pronounced, but with Horror; her Mother gave her ſuch frightful Deſcriptions of it, that ſhe believed ſhe hates it: Do you imagine that ſhe will hate it always? This is not ſure: A Girl that hates Love before ſhe knows it, is in Danger of not hating it a long while.

A Rich Man that has not been long ſo, throws his Money about like Water, when he has a Mind to appear, he dazzles you with his Magnificence; he gives and hides it gracefully as ſoon as he has given it. Oh! The beautiful Mind, crys one! Alas! 'Tis nothing, but the Meanneſs of his Soul that moves him to appear ſo generous.

I explain Things perhaps a little more than I ought, and I unmask the Perſons of my Drawing Room too much. But when I wou'd ſpare them, and that they ſhou'd have Ingenuity enough to hid their Faults. I ſee a penetrating Woman come, who ſets them out in their Colours much more unmercifully than I.

This Woman comes forward; how modeſt is her Air! She lifts up her Eyes to ſee if other Women are as modeſt as her ſelf.

She has ſo much Virtue, ſays one, that ſhe cannot bear with thoſe that have leſs than ſhe;

ſhe: Thoſe that have more diſpleaſe her alſo; 'tis for this Reaſon that ſhe does not ſpare one.

One Day I ask'd a Woman of this Character, why her Exhortations were half Morality and half Slanders. Speak more proper, cry'd ſhe, Slanders are horrible to me: Indeed I am ſometimes obliged to pleaſe every one, to ſeaſon my Remonſtrances with a little critical Salt; for one would be agreeable in every thing, even in Correction. One muſt make uſe of Morality to favour ſome Paſſages of Satyr. Speak more ſincerely, reply'd I, ſay that you wou'd favour Morality to put off your Slanders.

Let us come again to this Picture Drawer, that reſides in our Aſſembly, ſhe knows her Trade ſo well, that in one and the ſame Tract of Hiſtory, ſhe will deſcribe it you in two or three different Characters, without reckoning her own, that you may know it by her way of relating them

You know, ſays ſhe, this Tradeſman, he is a very honeſt Man; his Induſtry was the Beginning of his Fortune; and his Honeſty has ended it: He is a Man of great Subſtance; but all Rich as he is, alas how much I pity him! His Daughter run againſt a Rock, before ſhe arrived at the Port of Matri-

Matrimony, and his Wife ſuffer'd Shipwrack in the ſame Port.

Then ſhe will make you admire the Policy of one that was wiſe tho' poor, who receiv'd all from an Exchequer Man without granting him any thing; this is call'd ſhe'll tell you, Virtue Proof. But by ill luck for this virtuous Perſon, the World judges ill of things, one believes that it is the ſame with the Exchequer Men in Love as in Buſineſs, that the Receipt always follows after the Payment; and that theſe Gentlemen are uſed to gather as ſoon as they have ſown.

As for me, continued this charitable Perſon, I ſhould be very ſecure that the Man of Buſineſs that I ſpoke of, has no other Proſpects than retiring from the occaſions of Vice, he that is well to paſs: I know intirely the other Day I commended him; I ſaid that no body was more generous, and that he had nothing.

I agree to that, ſaid a moroſe Fellow that interrupted me; one may ſay that the Man that you praiſe has nothing, for what he has is other Mens.

'Tis too much to give Ear to this Slanderer, it is time that ſome one ſhou'd interrupt her to ſave the Reputation of all thoſe ſhe knows, and thoſe alſo that ſhe does not know.

She

She that is going to interrupt her, is a very wiſe Woman, who comes to complain to a Poet of her Clack, that one of her Companions was going to be married. What a Loſs will ſhe be to us cry'd ſhe! The moſt Wit, the more Learned Converſation, the moſt Proſe, the moſt Poetry, they are all loſt in Matrimony; the poor Girl writ with ſo much Nicety; her Stile was pleaſant, her Thoughts fine, her Smiles juſt; farewel Nicety, adieu Exactneſs; for in ſhort a Husband is a continual Plague to a Wife that ſets up for an Authreſs.

Yes indeed, reply'd the Poet, Matrimony binds up the Wit as well as the Heart, and by Misfortune again the Heart diſengages it ſelf, and Wit remains in Chains. One of my Friends when he was a Batchelor, produced every Week a Paper of pretty Poems. For theſe Three Years that he has been married, I could get nothing from him but a complaining Elegy and a melancholy Epiſtle.

Do you know well, reply'd the wiſe Diſconſolate, what our Friend alledges for an Excuſe? Love, Sir, love: the charming Reaſon for Matrimony! Hath Love always made Poets marry: That ſhe ſhould not take care of her Tenderneſs, to make her Poems more moving and lively! Love awakens

wakens the Imagination, but Matrimony lays it a ſleep.

This Girl has very much deceiv'd me, continued ſhe; to hear her ſpeak one wou'd ſay, ſhe had more Niceneſs than Paſſion; and more Fancy than Affection: I believ'd ſhe was like me, and that her Heart was all Wit; but alas! Both her Heart and Wit is all Fleſh! When I reproach her, ſhe anſwers that Love was always a Friend to Poets, and that I am in the wrong to ſeparate them. You ſhall be Judge, Sir; was it not ſhe that ſought after Miſchief? When one has Intereſt in being civil to Love, one ought not to come to Extreams with him; 'tis bringing Things about to the laſt puſh to marry.

If one had nothing to loſe but Love, by Matrimony, reply'd the Poet, that wou'd be little; but who knows but *Hymen* has frighted the Graces and Muſes away? I have read in a Story unknown to the Antients, that *Apollo* being married one Day, the Spring *Hipocrena* dry'd up the next.

A married Genius, is indeed a barren one, the Productions of Man are limited; one muſt chuſe, to leave to Poſterity either the Works of the Mind, or Children.

But I perceive a very melancholy Object, that comes to interrupt the comical Converſation

verſation of an old Poet that was a Batchelor, and a Woman of Learning.

'Tis a Man in deep Mourning; he is extravagant in his Apparel, the Train of his Cloak covers all the Anti-chamber, and the End of his Crape hangs on the Stairs. 'Tis a Ghoſt of black Cloth; what does he come to do in an Aſſembly of Pleaſure? He is come from a Funeral; what has not he done crying? Nevertheleſs he is a Man of an Eſtate; he has loſt his Father, one ought to condole with him: But why ſo willing to partake of his Grief? He comes here for nothing, but to be merry; his Eſtate that is left him is ſo great, that he does not know what to ſay: He looks every where for Felicity, one muſt however grieve with him at firſt for Decency ſake: How ſorry am I, ſaid a Lady to him! I am very glad, ſaid our Orphan, preventing the melancholy Compliment, I am very glad to find you ſo opportunely; I was told, Madam, that you have fine Furniture which you wou'd diſpoſe of; I will agree with you for 'em.

I cannot expreſs to you, ſaid a Couſin to him, how ſenſible I am of your Affliction, and I will come with the firſt Opportunity to teſtify it to you. I remove from my Lodgings to morrow, ſaid our Gentleman bluntly, I take a ſtately Houſe: You

You know it, 'tis that which that Banker built juſt before he broke; his Creditors let it to me.

A Third Comforter came again brim full, and with Tears in her Eyes, made in long Compliments a ſorrowful Oration on the Dead: What I value moſt in my Father, continued the Heir is, that he has left no Debts behind him: If you knew in what a wonderful Condition he has left his Affairs, and the great Riches I have found. Ho! Corbleu, Sir, cry'd a melancholy Man-hater, your Father died yeſterday, you may afford at leaſt to cry to Day; you will be merry to morrow with his Eſtate.

Well, reply'd a melancholy Perſon, who feign'd to be willing to excuſe him, his Father was afflicted enough for having lived to Seventy Five Years; one cannot grieve both before and after a Man's Death: Moreover, he was a cruel Father in Law, an unnatural Man who never took any Pleaſure: He grudged his Childrens Education, and I will ſpeak readily for the Gentleman his Son. In ſhort, my Father is dead; and his Death is what I reap the moſt Benefit by.

Our Blockhead was pleas'd, that any Body prov'd he had reaſon to be contented: The arch melancholy Wag ingaged him

him inſenſibly in an indifferent Diſcourſe, than afterwards in a more merry one, and he that never laugh'd, burſt out a laughing in Malice, to oblige the Fop to laugh alſo. He puſh'd the matter ſo far as to make him ſing one Part of a Catch with him. And when he was at the height of Jovialty, he ſtopt ſhort, and took him ſoftly by the Arm: Sir, ſaid he to him in an afflicted Tone, I ask your Pardon, if I have violated your Grief by making you ſing in your Affliction. At theſe Words, the Man in mourning caſt his Eyes down: He was ſo aſham'd of being ſurprized in ſinging, he went away without ſaying one Word, and alſo without finiſhing the Catch he had begun.

It has been obſerved a long while that filial Tenderneſs is not to be compared with Paternal Love. The Reaſons alſo have been ſought after a long while: I don't know whether any one has found out theſe that I am going to tell you before me; Originals or not here they are.

I ſuppoſe that a Son loves his Father, according to all the Extent of Obligations that he cou'd have to him; and that the Father does not love his Son, but becauſe he is his: The Paternal Tenderneſs carries it yet, for Self-love is always more ſtrong than the Love of Acknowledgment.

A Father that loſes his Son, looſes a Creature that belongs to him, and the Son loſes a Maſter that he belong'd to; you ſee the Difference of theſe two Loſſes.

There are few Parents that are obliged to their Children, and we owe all at leaſt our Lives to our Parents. Can one believe that this ſhou'd be a Reaſon that we ſhou'd not love them, becauſe they do not love us? This Reaſon is very unjuſt; it is however natural; we don't love them whom we ought to love, we love them better that ought to love us; and one is more eaſily comforted for the Death of a Creditor, than that of a Debtor.

'Tis this unjuſt Nature that makes an Orphan rejoice at the Death of a Parent, who ought to be afflicted to ſee 'em only indiſpoſed.

A Parent looks on his Son's Life as a Continuance of his own: When this Son ceaſes to live, the Father begins to perceive Death. How many Children on the contrary, don't begin to taſte of the Pleaſures of Life, till after the Death of their Parents?

The Death of a young Man is much more touching to an old Man, than that of an old Man to a young one: Experience teaches, and a Thouſand Reaſons proves. One of the Principals is the Difference

ference of Reflections, that Death cauſes the one and the other to make.

My Father died at the Age of Threeſcore and Ten, ſays this Man to himſelf who was Thirty; I have then at leaſt Forty Years to live. In calculating thus, one flatters himſelf, but the other comforts himſelf. My Son died, he was but Thirty Years old, I am Sixty; I have flatter'd myſelf very much, I ſee nothing comforting in this Calculation.

According to the natural Order, the Father ought to die before his Son. If all Children ſhou'd die with Grief for the Death of their Parents, Mankind wou'd ſhortly periſh. Has not Nature to prevent this Misfortune taken care to harden Childrens Hearts?

What makes a Father yet more natural than his Son, is, becauſe he is alwavs older than him; the Ties of Blood gather Strength with Age, inſomuch that the Paſſions grow weak, and their Number diminiſhes.

The fewer the Breaches of the Lines of the Heart are, the more ſenſible they are; and one may ſay that at a certain Age, a Father holds that nothing is ſo dear in this World, as his Children.

Nature furniſhes us in Trees with an Image of the Ingratitude of Children. The Trunk of a Tree communicates its Sap to the

the Branches that grows out of it, and we ſee that the Sap never returns from the Branches to the Trunk.

Some ungrateful Children will conclude from this, that Ingratitude is then founded on Nature; that they behold in the ſame Tree, that the Branches are more lively affected with the Injury one does the Body, than the Body is with that which is done to its Branches. An Italian Poet added, that the Filial Love of the Branches made them expire with Grief, for the ſame Blow of the Ax that cut down the Body, and that the unnatural Body grows ſometimes green again for Joy, after its Branches were cut off.

The Contradiction of theſe Two Compariſons in the ſame Subject, put me in humour to ſearch out for ſome Reaſons, to prove the quite contrary of what I have eſtabliſh'd. I have ſaid that Parents are more touch'd at the Death of their Children, than Children at that of their Parents; here are ſome Motives of Comfort for theſe and of Affliction for the others.

You ſee in your Son what ought to follow you; a fatal warning, a troubleſome warning: This Objeſt diſappears, a Subject of Comfort.

You ſee in your Father what you ought to follow; in ſeeing it, you argue thus:

I came into this World Thirty Years after him, I ought to ſtay in Thirty Years after him; while he lives I have my Thirty Years free. By this Argument the Life of a Parent makes in the Imagination of a Child a kind of a Bulwark againſt Death; this Fence falls, a great Subject of Affliction.

A Child is uſed from his Birth to have a Parent; he is bound to him from his Infancy by Opinion. Is not the Bonds here more ſtrong and more difficult to be broke?

In Reſpect of a Father, he does not begin to have Children till towards the Age of Reaſon; and this Reaſon ought to hinder him from fixing his Mind on a thing that he might loſe.

A Father loſes at the Death of a Son one that he loves; a Son loſes in his Father one by whom he was loved; this is a greater Loſs ſince that it is irreparable. It is very hard to find one that loves us; and it is not ſo much to find one again that we can love.

Add to this; that a Father that loſes a Son, may hope to have others; but to ſpeak proper, one cannot have but one Father in ones Life.

Reflections begin to weary me, let us come again into the City Aſſembly: I obſerve

obſerve that a continual Cenſurer is a troubleſome Perſon; he won't give you time to take Breath.

This young Magiſtrate had a great deal of Wits; but he dogmatizes for to make him be more reſpected. He has every thing by Maxims, even Compliments; he wou'd be ſolid in the moſt pleaſant Diſcourſes, and never merry but by Sentences.

'Tis a wonderful thing, ſaid a merry Blade, that you know how to act an old Man ſo well at Thirty Five; your Neighbour who is Fifty, cannot act a young one with ſo good an Air.

An old Woman, anſwer'd our young Dean, an old Woman that does all ſhe can to make her ſelf young again, and who wou'd be ſeen again in the Country of the beautiful Age, goes farther than ſhe thinks; by running into Youth, ſhe becomes a Child again.

What wou'd that Lady have that goes thro' the Aſſembly without taking any notice of any one? Her Dreſs is very careleſs, her Head-cloaths are but put on very ſlightly: Her Eyes are heavy, and her Voice languiſhing; you may gueſs ſhe is a Gameſter; ſhe draws a grave Man aſide, to borrow 20 *Louis d'ors* of him, which ſhe asks for very ſoftly. Yes Goddeſs, anſwers he

aloud, that one might hear him, my Purſe is at your Service; but conſider to what Extremities gaming. ——— Hoe! Give 'em me quickly, interrupted the Gameſtreſs, they wait for me. Conſider, continued he, feeling for his Purſe, that you was Six Months ago, the moſt charming Perſon in the World: Do you know Ladies how ſhe has abandon'd her ſelf to the Confuſion of *Lanſquenet*? Alas! If a Woman prepoſſeſs'd with gaming, forgets to adorn her ſelf and preſerve her Beauty, what wou'd not ſhe forget upon an Occaſion.

The Gameſtreſs ſwallow'd the Affront, in hopes of the Twenty *Louis d'ors*; the indiſcreet Preacher took out his Purſe, continuing to moralize with ſuch an Application, that the Gameſtreſs took the Purſe run to *Lanſquenet*, and loſt the Money before he had done proving that ſhe ought not to play.

But there is not time to be impatient, he needed but begin his Diſcourſe; the Gameſtreſs furniſh'd him with a Text, he divided it in Three Parts. How much I pity the Women that compoſed the Auditory! They wou'd be very willing to leave him to talk by himſelf; but they have Suits, they will quickly tire him by Sollicitations; it is very fitting they ſhou'd let him weary himſelf by his Reflections.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, Ladies, I ſee one of thoſe young Gentlemen (that you call pritty Men) a coming; this is of a better Sort. He draws already your Eyes on him, I foreſee that you will hearken more willingly to him than to the Senator, whom his Coming has interrupted; his Diſcourſes ſhou'd be leſs moral.

The amiable Gentleman ſcarce appeared, but he was ſurrounded by all the Women of the Drawing Room, ſome knew him, others deſired to know him; all in ſhort preſs'd to get nigh him. What Rage, cry'd out my Traveller of *Siam.*

Here I ſtopt quite ſhort to anſwer a Critick, who ask'd me from whence my Traveller of *Siam* came, and why I bethought my ſelf of making him ſpeak here? Truly I don't remember where I have left him, I ought to have placed him in ſome corner of my City Drawing Room, for to have been a Spectator of all that paſs'd there. I have wrong'd you by making you loſe Sight of him, and ſince I had begun to travel with him, it had been more regular to have had him always by me. But who knows whether this Exactneſs wou'd not have been troubleſome or no? I wou'd rather yet that my Amuſements ſhou'd be irregular than troubleſome.

Moreover when I began this Book, I made my own Articles. Recollect your ſelf, did not I agree with my ſelf that I wou'd not follow exactly neither the Journey nor Traveller? I will end then as I have begun, without conſtraining my ſelf either in the Deſign, Subjects or Stile; in a word, I lay all aſide except good Senſe.

'Tis then only becauſe I am deſirous (that I quit the Digreſſion) to know of the Traveller of *Siam*, why he cry'd out ſo much when he ſaw a Herd of Women flock round about a handſome Man, theſe are his Words. Have not I reaſon to be amazed, continued he? The moſt of theſe Women appear'd to me modeſt in their Behaviour, Sage in their Words; I thought to ſee ſolid Reaſon in them, they have all taken pet; here they are aſtray; the Sight of a young Man has unhing'd them. Is not this then Love——? ſoftly, dear Companion ſoftly.

One muſt not attribute all the Faults that Women commit againſt Modeſty and Decency to love, I know a Paſſion in them almoſt as ſtrong and as dangerous, which they may abandon themſelves to without Shame: This Paſſion is Curioſity.

'Twas not Love, for Example, 'twas pure Curioſity, that made them make ſuch haſte to ſee this Gentleman come in; and chiefly Curioſity

rioſity to ſee his Habit nigh at hand; 'twas a Habit of Invention, cover'd all over with an Imbroidery, contriv'd and meditated at the bottom; the Deſign pleaſed them, it is odd, extravagant and rational; to ſtudy the Effect of it, the Gentleman ſhut himſelf up with his Imbroiderer for Five or Six Mornings; this chief Workmanſhip of Genius is very deſerving of the Ladies Attention.

Another Motive of Curioſity for them: This handſome Suit was newly in Vogue, 'twas the neweſt Faſhion, and none but Provincials are ſuffer'd to be *incognito.*

Very well, ſaid my Traveller of *Siam* to me, one may already comprehend how ſcrupulous your *Pariſians* are of the Faſhions, they ſhou'd be aſham'd to wear a laſt Years Dreſs; according to the rule of Faſhions, this pritty Man will appear very ugly to them next year.

But I forgive them for following the Cuſtom of the Country, I am ſorry for having put an ill Interpretation on their Curioſity; I ſhall never judge any more of Womens Hearts by their Proceedings.

In regard to your handſome Man, I have a great Curioſity alſo to know whether his Wit is anſwerable to his Figure; but he has not ſpoke yet, will he begin quickly? The Ladies that are about him, ſaid I to my curious Companion, are as

impatient as you are to hear him ſpeak, let us liſten.

They all direct their Diſcourſe to him; what Anſwers does he make? Sometimes yes, ſometimes no, and ſometimes nothing at all: He ſpeaks to one with his Eyes, to another with his Head, and Smiles to that other with ſo myſterious an Air, that one believes him to be very ſly; one wou'd think he had all the Wit in the World; his Phyſiognomy declares it, his Air perſwades, but in his Repreſentation is all his Eloquence; as ſoon as he appears, he has ſaid all.

'Tis Pity that Nature might not finiſh her Work; that ſhe had not joyned a little Wit to ſo prepoſſeſſing an outſide, one might have paſs'd a Thouſand idle Stories on him for a good Word.

But our Ladies begin to leave off talking to an Idol; every one is reſolved to ſpeak to ſome body that can anſwer her. The Cavalier went into the next Room, thinking to ſhow his Charms; but he was ſmitten at firſt with thoſe of a young Woman. He views her throughly, he makes up his Mouth, at laſt he goes to her.

This Lady is very reſerv'd; but all charming as the Cavalier appears, his Approach does not frighten her, and 'tis yet Curioſity that expoſes her to the Danger of a private

private Converſation with him: She prepares her ſelf then to hearken to the Adventurer. Let us ſee how he will manage the matter with her.

He ought to be very much puzzled near this Lady; ſhe is very witty, ſhe wont be ſatisfy'd with Looks; nevertheleſs we ſee very ingenious ones which don't leſſen a handſome outſide: Alſo our pretty Gentleman promiſes himſelf that by perſwading her that he loves, he ſhall perſwade her eaſily that ſhe ought to love. He makes uſe of all the fine turns of Eloquence, and the moſt touching Expreſſions of the ſilent Language; 'tis his natural Language, he ſpeaks it very well; but the handſome Lady underſtands but very ill: What will he do then to explain himſelf clearly? He has on his Finger a Diamond of a great Value, he muſt find out a genteel way of offering it to her. He aſſumes a pleaſant and merry Air, which gives him Room to lay his Hand in all the different Poſtures, that may make his Diamond ſparkle in the Eyes of the indifferent Lady. It dazzles her, ſhe turns her Head on the other Side; this troubleſome Sport is however, the only Remedy that a Fool has, he is very much amazed to find a Woman proof enough againſt ſuch a Man as he, and ſuch

a Diamond as his; ſhe is inſenſible, ſhe is a cruel Creature.

At the moment that he deſpairs of his Enterprize, this cruel, this inſenſible catches hold of his Hand rudely to ſee the Diamond nearer. What change of Fortune for a diſhearten'd Lover! He reſumes his Courage; and to make a further Declaration of his Love, he takes the Ring off his Finger and makes her a Preſent of it. She takes it; and at length to obſerve it the better, redoubles her Attention; he redoubles his Hopes and Boldneſs; he believes he may kiſs a Hand that had receiv'd his Diamond. The Lady is ſo attentive to look on it, that ſhe forgets to be angry, on the contrary ſhe ſmiles, and without any Ceremony puts the Ring on her Finger.

Now the Conqueſt is confirm'd; the Lover tranſported with Joy, propoſes the Hour and Place of Rendezvous; Sir, then ſaid the Lady to him, very much concern'd, I am charm'd with this Diamond; that which made me accept of it without any ſcruple is, that it is mine; yes Sir, the Diamond is mine, my Husband took it from my Toilet Three Months ago, and made me believe afterwards that he had loſt it.

This may not be it, reply'd the Fop, 'twas a Marqueſs that exchanged it with me.

Right,

Right, continued the Lady, my Husband knows this Marqueſs; he changed my Diamond with him, the Marqueſs changed with you, and for me I take yours for nothing, tho' my Husband very well deſerves, that I ſhou'd give you the Prize, that he receiv'd from the Marqueſs.

At this ſudden Clap, the Gentleman remain'd ſpeechleſs and confounded: On this occaſion I forgive him for being ſilent, a Man of Wit ſhould be ſo at leaſt.

After the Diſcovery of this Scene, there is a Noiſe heard in the Anti-chamber; 'tis a poor Valet that ſees a Man come in all dawbed with Gold. Hoe, good morrow, ſaid the Valet to him, good morrow my old Companion. You lye, reply'd the other, giving him a Box on the Ear. The Fooliſhneſs of theſe two; the Valet does not think what he is, nor the other what he has been; Poverty takes away the ones Thoughts, and Riches makes the other forgetful.

This Man that is angry at the Valets Familiarity, makes himſelf familiar with a Duke or Peer: What diſtance between him and a Duke! but between him and the Valet, I ſee none but time and Money.

You are amazed, that he ſhou'd forget his former Condition in ſo little time; he

was

was, you ſay, ſo modeſt at the beginning of his Fortune; I grant that he was the firſt that deſcribed to you the natural State of his paſt Miſery, and the Miracles of his ſudden Proſperity. All this ſtrikes yet the Eyes of the World, and he makes a Merit to ſpeak of it, to ſtop the Mouths of thoſe that are likely to ſpeak before him; they have begun to be ſilent, he holds his Tongue. Inſomuch, that others forget the Baſeneſs of our Original, we forget it alſo; but by Misfortune ſome remember it ſometimes: And when we have once begun to forget it our ſelves, 'tis always forgot.

This great Lord was always raiſed up like a great Lord; his Soul is as noble as his Blood. I eſteem him without admiring him; but he that exalts him for his Virtues above his Blood and his Education, I eſteem him and admire him.

You then whoſe Virtues equal your Fortune, why will you hide a Defect of Birth, which raiſes the Luſtre of thy Merit again?

And thou that has no other Merit than having made thy Fortune, do you let us ſee all thy paſt Meaneſs, we ſhall be more ſenſible of the Merit of thy Exaltation?

Thoſe that are fallen from the higheſt of Fortune, always look on the Preferment that

that they have had; but thoſe that once exalted, cannot look below 'em.

Nevertheleſs it wou'd be good for thoſe to look well into their former Baſeneſs, to endeavour not to fall again, and this wou'd be good for the others to loſe Sight of a Preferment, that makes them more ſenſible of the Greatneſs of their Fall.

There is, ſays one, a Man who acts ſo much the Part of a great Lord, that he ſeems to have been never any thing elſe, Hoe! 'Tis ſometime becauſe he acts it too much, that one perceives that he has not been one always.

While I have made my Reflections, my Traveller of *Siam* has alſo made his; he is leſs amazed at the Man dawb'd with Gold, who forgets himſelf than at the Aſſembly, who ſeem to forget themſelves alſo.

He was receiv'd like a Prince; theſe are not Civilities, they are Adorations. Hoe, are not you content, cry'd our Traveller of *Siam*, are not you content, to idolize Riches that are uſeful to you? Muſt you alſo worſhip a rich Man who will never aſſiſt you?

I confeſs continued he, that I cannot come again out of my Amazement; I ſee a Man of a good Phiſiognomy go into your Aſſembly, no body minds his co-

ming in. He ſits himſelf down; he has talked, and talks alſo ſenſibly; nevertheleſs no body hearkens to him, and I have taken notice that inſenſibly every one files off on the other ſide, inſomuch that he is left all alone at his End.

Why do they fly him thus, ſaid I to my ſelf, has he the Plague?

In that inſtant I obſerv'd that all theſe Deſerters placed themſelves near the Man in the laced Cloaths, to whom they ſhow'd a great deal of Civility; I comprehended by this, that this Man's Contagion was Poverty.

O ye Gods! Cry'd the Traveller, going into ſuch a Rapture as you ſaw him in his Letter, O ye Gods! Tranſport me quickly out of a Country where they ſtop their Ears to the Sentences of the poor, to hearken to the Folly of the Rich! It ſeems they refuſe this virtuous Man who is ill dreſs'd a Place among Men, while they rank this rich Fool with the Gods. In ſeeing this I had almoſt a Deſire to forgive them that are puffed up with their Proſperity: This was formerly leſs than a Man amongſt you, now you make a Divinity of him.

There is among us continued he, a People that worſhip a certain Bird, for Richneſs of its Feathers. To juſtifie the

Folly

Folly their Eyes have engaged them in, they perſwade themſelves that this ſtately Animal has in it ſome Divine Spirit that animates it; their Error is yet more tolerable than yours; for in ſhort this Animal is dumb; but if it cou'd ſpeak as well as your gilded Man, they wou'd own it to be a Beaſt, and wou'd perhaps leave off adoring it.

The Rapture had carried our ſincere Traveller too far; to let him ſay any more, I made him obſerve a Perſon in the Circle, who deſerv'd to have the Vail pull'd off, with which he was cover'd to gain the Confidence of Fools.

Examine well this ſerious Extravagant. His Conceitedneſs is Integrity; lovely Conceitedneſs if his Heart was attack'd, but he is ſmitten no where but on the Head.

It is not yet perceiv'd, that he is either a Thief or a Forger of Writings: On this Confidence, he put himſelf at the Head of all honeſt People.

He demands a blind Credit to what he ſays; to hearken to him as to the Truth it ſelf. Let him affirm that Land held by Soccage is noble, no body dare ask him for any better Titles.

Furthermore, he wou'd be believ'd on Things of Opinion, as well as Facts.

Yeſter-

Yeſterday Two Aſtronomers, very good Friends, but mortal Enemies in Diſpute, were arguing, the Man of Integrity came, and not doubting, but that one Word of his Mouth ought to make Peace between them: Put it to me, ſaid he to the moſt paſſionate of them; on the Word of a Man of Honour, 'tis not the Earth that moves, it is the Sun.

If he does any Buſineſs, he pretends that his Word may be a Sentence, which one cannot recall without Injuſtice. He is angry, if one thinks only of taking other Sureties with him. One ought to know, that his verbal Promiſe is worth a Thouſand Contracts: He readily ask'd his Wife's Parent, to give her to him in Marriage on his Word.

He pretends to be always exactly true in his Expreſſions. With him Exaggeration is a horrible Lye, and 'tis betraying Truth to expreſs oneſelf weakly in thoſe things that one ought to be ſilent in. Where then ſhall one find a Model of this impracticable Exactneſs? You will find it only in him; he will ſay to you, examine well the Force of my Words. You ought indeed to believe what I tell you, nothing more nor leſs: He will ſuffer you only on one occaſion to add, 'tis when he commends

mends himſelf, and he does that very conveniently.

On whatever Subject the Diſcourſe is, he falls headlong from good Senſe to ſhew his Virtues.

A Woman, for example, after having prov'd that there is neither Gentèelneſs nor Sincerity in our young Men, will cry merrily, I have wrong'd you, Gentlemen, I have wrong'd you, there is yet Sincerity in Men, they ſpeak all that they think of Women!

Apropos, to this kind of Sincerity, our Gentleman believes he can do what he pretends; he ſays, every one has his Defects, every body has that of Diſſimulation: My own Fault is being too ſincere.

One falls on another Subject, a Man that is ruin'd, will ſay there are ſuch hard hearted rich Men, that their Hard-heartedneſs begins in their very Compaſſion; if they look on another's Misfortune, 'tis taſting the better of their own Happineſs.

What Hard-heartedneſs, cry'd the Man of Honour; in my Opinion, I fall into an Exceſs quite contrary; I take compaſſion of every thing; I am too good, 'tis a Fault which I never yet corrected my ſelf for.

Another

Another at length, who in the Concluſion of a Relation, pronounced by chance the Word Avarice, is interrupted by the Man, who declares plainly, that his Liberality is his Vice.

Oh! Sir, ſaid the Man that was interrupted boldly, you are guilty of great Vices, Sincerity, Bounty, Liberality; the Exceſs of Modeſty that makes you acknowledge theſe Vices, let us underſtand that you have the contrary Virtues.

This is methinks outfacing the Man of Honour; 'tis preſenting a Piſtol to his Breaſt: He ought to be cruelly wounded; nevertheleſs he has not felt the Blow; he is ſo harden'd with Variety, that he is invulnerable; he takes all in good Part: Say to him in an Ironical way, O the great Hero of Integrity! he believes every thing of it; declare to him plainly, that you know him to be a great Rogue; 'tis an Irony, you only banter, and he takes it as a Joke.

The Jeerers have good Sport, as you ſee, with ſo well a turn'd Wit: This agreeable Humour puts all the Aſſembly on bantering. What an Entertainment is this for thoſe that talk well! they may make themſelves to be underſtood by all but him that they banter. Nevertheleſs their Malice is not yet content, the Pleaſure wou'd be to touch

touch 'em to the quick to confound their Vanity; they venture to attack 'em boldly; you will get nothing, Vanity is a brazen Wall, all your Deſcriptions grow dull, and your Venome only whitens it; however 'tis pity to loſe the Fruit of ſuch biting Rallery.

But I perceive that there will be nothing loſt; here is one of a quite contrary Temper, who take all that is ſaid upon another on himſelf; he colours, he turns pale, he loſes countenance, he deſerts at laſt and goes out, threatening all the Aſſembly with his Eyes.

What can one think of this Preparation about nothing? All that one can ſay, 'tis the Wit of the World. If he was not crazy-pated, ſays one, he would not be ſo ſenſible; but apparently his Conſcience is ſo ulcerated, that one cannot touch one String that does not anſwer to ſome painful Part; in a word, every thing offends him, becauſe he is capable of all.

Here is Two Characters that appear very oppoſite; nevertheleſs it ſhou'd be eaſy to prove, that they have both of them the ſame bottom: What is this bottom? Gueſs if you can: A Word is not ſufficient to explain it ingeniouſly to you, and I have not leiſure to ſay any more of it. I expect a Man that I know to come; he will inter-

interrupt me without pity, I love dearly to prevent him and to hold my Tongue.

Silence, Silence, and be reſpectful; you will ſee one of theſe great Men appear, who believes that every thing is their due, and who are obliged to every one; his thundering Voice is heard from the bottom of the Stairs, when he ſpeaks, and every one looks ſerious when he comes in with a ſmiling Air and an open-hearted Countenance, which he ſhuts up all of a ſudden, perceiving his Enemy; he ſmiles at him nevertheleſs in Policy, and makes a Thouſand Proteſtations of Friendſhip to him; but in offering him his Services, he grows pale, as a *Gaſcoign* that offers his Purſe.

He is hardly ſat down, but he takes upon himſelf all the Diſcourſe, ſpeaks at the ſame time to Four Perſons of Four different things; asks one a Queſtion without hearing another; propoſes a Queſtion, a Diſcourſe and the Reſult all at once; he never leaves off ſpeaking, he won't hear, every one liſtens to him. And here is an End of the Converſation.

The Traveller of *Siam* ask'd me if our Journey was done alſo. It is hardly begun, ſaid I to him, you have but made the firſt Day's Journey. I renounce it then, reply'd I bluntly; for before that I have made

made all my Reflections on what I have ſeen in this firſt Day's Journey, I ſhall be too old to make a Second.

You are in the right, ſaid I to him, the Life of Man is too ſhort for to know one Man well.

One muſt live at leaſt an Age to know the World a little, and to live again a great many more to make uſe of this Knowledge.

We are too curious to know what the World does, and not enough to learn what it ought to do; 'tis for that reaſon that one ſees ſo many People that know it as they live in it, and very few that know how to live in it.

The Word *knowing how to live*, includes, methinks, all human Wiſdom; nevertheleſs Uſe has weaken'd this Expreſſion. One calls a Man that knows how to live, one that does not want Politeneſs; we inquire but little of his Honeſty.

Another Expreſſion which they abuſe alſo, is that of *Knowledge of the World*: Such Paſſes for one that knows the World, who has his Head full of nothing but Buſineſs: Such a one died yeſterday, he has been this, and that; he left an Hundred Thouſand Pounds; they ſpeak of marrying his Daughter to a poor Lord. Such and ſuch a thing is come to paſs; in ſhort, he that knows beſt all the Grammatical Trifles

Trifles of Hiſtory, gets Attention and Eſteem; 'tis a ſuperior Genius, a good Head that knows the World. And if you wou'd bethink yourſelf of reflecting ſolidly on theſe Events, one would ſay of you, 'tis a troubleſome Talker, that does not know the World.

We allow however of Satyrical Reflections, but we don't receive thoſe that are inſtructive; we give ear to none but thoſe that bite.

Of all this, the Traveller of *Siam* concludes, that it is beyond his Capacity to examine the Lives of the French, and to ridicule 'em: And I my ſelf conclude, by report to my Subject, that the greateſt and moſt ordinary of all the Amuſements, is what the Publick gives to private Perſons, and private Perſons give to the Publick.

The Publick is a great Sight always new, which offers it ſelf to the Eyes of private Perſons, and diverts them.

Theſe private Perſons are, as many little diverſify'd Sights that preſent themſelves to the ſight of the Publick, and divert 'em.

I have already let you ſee in an Abſtract, ſome of theſe little private Sights; our Traveller ask'd me again to ſay a Word of the Publick.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT XII. *and laſt.*

Of the Publick.

THE *Publick* is a Sovereignty, from which all thoſe that labour for Reputation or Profit, take their Riſe.

Theſe baſe Souls who never give themſelves the Trouble to merit its Approbation, dread at leaſt its Hate and Diſdain.

The right that it hath to judge of all, has ſet forth Virtue very much, and ſmother'd Vice.

Without the Fear of the publick Cenſure, Heroes wou'd be leſs Heroes! and Soldiers more peaceful! It makes it ſelf as much belov'd by the virtuous, as dreaded by the wicked.

The Exhortations of Fathers, the Nature of Children, the Love of Husbands, the Virtue of Women, all this wou'd have been of ſmall Force, without ſpeaking of the Publick, who retains every one in his Duty.

Every one courts the Publick; the ambitious deſire its Favour, and honeſt People its Approbation; the Coquets wou'd gain its Reſpects, and virtuous Women its Eſteem; the great ones ſeek after its Friend-

Friendſhip, and the meaner ſort wou'd have nothing but its Money.

The Publick has a juſt, ſolid, and penetrating Wit, nevertheleſs as it is compoſed of Men, it has ſometimes ſomething of Man in its Opinions.

It ſuffers it ſelf to be prepoſſeſs'd as a private Perſon, and prepoſſeſſes us afterwards by the Aſcendant, that it has had over us for ſo many Ages.

One has a great Veneration for its Opinions, for one knows that 'tis a Judge inſenſible to Intereſt and Sollicitations.

He is particular that lives and dies in its Preventions; but as the Publick never dies, it returns infallibly from its Preventions; ſometimes by Misfortune it comes again a little too late. If we liv'd Two or Three Ages, every one at laſt wou'd enjoy the Reputation he deſerves.

However this may not be certain, for the Publick is ſo miſchievous, that it does Juſtice more unwillingly to the Living than to the Dead; and that ſometimes it exalts the Dead for no other end but to humble the Living.

The Publick is a true Man-hater! it is neither complaiſant nor flattering! neither does it ſeek to be flatter'd. It runs crowding to Aſſemblies where they ſpeak the Truth; and every private Perſon that compo-

compoſes it, wou'd rather ſee himſelf banter'd, than be depriv'd of the Pleaſure of ſeeing others ſo.

The Publick is the moſt ſevere and niceſt Critick in the World, nevertheleſs a coarſe Country Ballad is ſufficient to amuſe it all the Year.

It is conſtant and unconſtant; one may ſay, that ſince the beginning of Ages the publick Spirit has not changed; here is its Conſtancy; but it is a Lover of Novelty; it changes every Day its Manners of Action, Language and Faſhions; nothing is more unconſtant.

It is ſo grave, that it frightens thoſe that ſpeak to it, and ſo merry that a Coif awry will make a whole Auditory laugh.

The Publick is ſerved by the greateſt Lords; what Grandeur! but it depends on thoſe that ſerve it; what Meanneſs!

The Publick, to ſpeak properly, is always at Man's Eſtate by the Soundneſs of its Reaſon. 'Tis an Infant, that the leaſt Toy makes run as an hair-brained Youth; 'tis an old Man that dotes ſometimes murmuring, without knowing what he wou'd have, and whom one cannot make to hold his Tongue, when he has once begun to ſpeak.

There wou'd be no end in ſearching after Contraries in the Publick, ſince there are

are all Virtues and all Vices in it; all human Strength and Weakneſs.

How happy is this Publick! Kings built ſtately Edifices for it, and leave it fine Monuments that they ſhou'd be had in remembrance. All the Hiſtorians work at Hiſtory: 'Tis for it that they labour, that they ſow, and that they reap; 'tis for it that Conveniencies are ſought, for that the charming Arts are thoroughly examin'd into. How many honeſt People ſhorten their Days to furniſh it with fine Examples and wiſe Inſtructions! How many Poets and Muſicians wrack their Brains to make 'em merry! In a word, the Lives and Fortunes of every private Perſon are ſacrificed to its Uſe. This is a Happineſs ſeriouſly eſtabliſh'd; but ſome comical Wag will tell you that the Publick cannot be happy, ſince that its Wine is poiſon'd, and that all its Miſtreſſes are unfaithful.

Let us take upon us to conſider ſeriouſly the true Greatneſs of the Publick; 'tis from it that one ſees all that is moſt conſiderable in the World: The Sovereigns to govern the Provinces, the Intendants to rule, the Soldiers to fight, and the Heroes to conquer.

After that theſe Governors, theſe Magiſtrates, theſe Soldiers, and theſe Heroes, have thus glorioufly ſpread themſelves about

about in all Parts, they all meet at the Court: There Courage trembles, there Pride is allay'd, there Gravity is civiliz'd, and there Power vaniſhes away.

There thoſe that diſtinguiſh'd themſelves as much as Sovereigns, coming to intermix themſelves among the Crowd of Courtiers, become Courtiers themſelves, and after having got the Reſpects of all, content themſelves to be reſpected only by one.

As his Regards heighten the Luſtre of the braveſt Actions, every one is jealous of him that gains 'em; but every one does not forbear careſſing him whom he is jealous of.

'Tis thus that the Merits which they underſtand reciprocally, and which appears to be the only Band of their Friendſhip, is oftentimes the principal Subject of their Hatred.

There are beautiful Souls that free themſelves from theſe vulgar Weakneſſes: And the true Heroes are no more troubled to ſee the Glory of others, than to partake of the Light of the Sun with them.

I agree, ſaid my Traveller of *Siam* to me, bidding me farewel, that *France* is ſupply'd with ſome of theſe perfect Heroes, and their Reputation has reach'd even to my Country; but 'twas to ſee yet ſomething more grand, that I undertook this

Voyage; and when I croſs'd the Seas, I argued thus with my ſelf: *France* is full of illuſtrious Men, who don't love one another; there are alſo ſome true Heroes who have a ſincere value for one another; but they all agree to reverence and admire one only; to be ſure he muſt be a great Man.

A Diſſertation on the Fantaſticalneſs of Mens Opinions.

ALL that Love and Ambition have brought forth of extraordinary Actions, ought to make us reflect on the Power of Prevention. A young Hero that lives under the Government of Ladies, is perſwaded, that the ſovereign Good is to deſerve the Eſteem of the Perſon that he loves, and that of the Publick; and does not think that he muſt live to enjoy it and that, as *Voiture* ſays——,—— *'tis as ſmall a thing as a Demigod after his Death.* It is certain, that one cannot ſufficiently admire the Tyranny that Opinion exerciſes over all Men; I ſhou'd be as deſirous as Mr. *Paſchal* to meet with a Book that he quotes the Title of which is, *Opinione Regina del-mondo*, otherwiſe, *Opi-*

nion

vion is the Queen of the World; this Title, ſaid he, alone is worth the whole Volume: A Man of Wit may aſſuredly make good Arguments on this Subject; for it is true that we are govern'd very much by Opinion, and more particularly by that that we have of Bravery: A Man that pretends to be brave, looks on all other Men with Diſdain: If he adds to this Vanity that of Nobility, he runs the riſque of going to the Height of Impertinency, but this Bravado, who wou'd perſwade one that he never knew what Fear was, if he ſpoke Truth, will grant that he never had any occaſion to fight, that moreover he at this time does not deſire to have any. In regard to the Nobility of which he is ſo vain, what Obligation has he to it? Is it for his Virtue? Is it for the Merit of his Anceſtors? No, he is obliged to one of them, who perhaps has obtain'd this Nobleneſs, which he makes ſo much work about, by an Intrigue, by a little Money lent when the Nation was in need, by a bought Place. But let us ſuppoſe it was by Actions of great Bravery, uſeful to the Publick, how can the Honour of theſe Actions fall on his Poſterity, if they do not do the like? This Man, they will tell me, is of illuſtrious Blood, which has from time to time produced Heroes: To which

I anſwer, that the Virtue of Heroes is perſonal; that it is juſt it ſhou'd be reſpected, becauſe that it maintains the Rights of the Sovereign and the People, but can one ſay that this Virtue is in the Blood? If it was thus, the Families of Heroes wou'd never bring any thing elſe, and one wou'd never ſee the Courſe interrupted, unleſs it was by ſome Mother more ſociable than *Lucretia*. If this Misfortune was once come to paſs, it wou'd be ſo always, and it cou'd never be repair'd: As to Valour, I will agree to reſpect it, provided that it be continually employ'd againſt the Enemies of the Government, and that the valiant Men never make uſe of it againſt Men of the ſame Law, the ſame Language, and who obey the ſame Sovereign as they; for this Virtue, which one ought to eſteem ſo much when it is employ'd in its right Uſe, is it any thing elſe than the Vice of Tigers and Lyons, when it troubles the Repoſe of Society? How then can one have any Eſteem for a *Bragadochio*, who always makes the wry Faces of a brave Man, to impoſe on Societies, and who never ſpeaks, to ſay properly, but in a Paſſion, even with the Ladies, who are ſometimes cheated enough to be charm'd, and are Men, who always ſet themſelves out by their Quality, the moſt ſociable?

They

They are puff'd up with Pride, and they look upon all thoſe that they meet in the World, as Gentlemen of the lower Rank, or Citizens. 'Tis not that I deſpiſe Nobility, nor Valour, I am far from it, a long continuance of Men always virtuous, without Interruption, (when it happens) eſtabliſhes a very eſtimable Nobility, and Valour is very neceſſary to the Publick, for not being obliged to be look'd into; but I ask that it be not employ'd in War, for every-where elſe 'tis the Scourge of Men; and what Good wou'd it do in a well govern'd State, where Laws are provided to puniſh Offenders? It is nevertheleſs difficult to reconcile the Opinions of Men on this Subject; for if by Misfortune one is offended, one is diſhonour'd, unleſs one has recourſe to Revenge, and ought not one to fear Puniſhment, if one wou'd preſerve ones Honour by ways of Action? Which ought to have render'd Men incapable of offending one another: Wou'd not ſuch a reaſonable Opinion as this, which is offenſive, be deſpiſed, and baniſh'd from the Society of Men, and that one wou'd have none in the World but thoſe that had Wiſdom, to ſpeak with Mildneſs and Reſpect, and wou'd not it be juſt to puniſh without Pardon, thoſe that fall out, above all with the Ladies, who have no other

Weapons to repel the Injuries of a fierce Man, than a Fan or a Busk? But what means are there to cure Men of the Opinions that they have of Bravery, tho' they are ſo ridiculous; for example, a Man that bows his Head to ſhun a Cannon Ball, wou'd not he be look'd on with Diſdain, and he that goes thro' a Street where Stones fall on all ſides, wou'd not he be thought a Fool? Reconcile that.

One half of the World is infeſted by Opinions much more extravagant: Can one read the *Alcoran*, without regarding with Compaſſion the Men who believe in it? We cannot on this Subject but pity Men, like us, who have not the Knowledge that we have, and pray for the Converſion of thoſe that have, in making an ill Uſe of it; but we may at leaſt reflect on the odd Opinions of thoſe, who without being call'd to the Miniſtry, are buſy from Morning to Night, to reform the Government of all States: They believe they are in the Right to condemn Miniſters, Generals of the Army, and Sovereigns themſelves on the leaſt Events: Uncompaſſionate Judges of Matters, which they have not the leaſt Knowledge of, they determine all the Reſolutions of Kings Cabinet-Councils on Peace or War, and think

think they have Knowledge enough to penetrate into the Motives of the one and the other: Sovereigns, their Miniſters, and their Generals are continually at the end of the Draughts of theſe pretended Politicians, who judge ſovereignly of their Undertakings, in pretending to know their Reaſons, and foreſee the Events. One of the Maxims of theſe pretended Politicians, is always to give Battel; as profuſe of the Blood of others, as they are perhaps ſaving of their own, they wou'd have 'em fight every Day: One may very well tell them, that a Battel is ſo ſerious a Buſineſs, that one ſhou'd never venture it without great Reaſons, they think one can get no Glory, if one does not come to Blows; to deſtroy the Enemy by continuance of Time, to eat up their Country, to take their Towns from time to time, all this does not content them; they wou'd have Aſſignations made every Day in the Plains, to end the Quarrels of Sovereigns as thoſe of private Perſons; they have no great Eſteem of the Anſwer that the famous Duke of *Parma* gave to *Henry* the Fourth, who ſent to him to offer Battel, *I came*, ſaid he, *to redeem* Paris; *which I have done; and I am returning where my other Affairs call me: As to the Challenge that the King has ſent me, you*

may tell him, that I perceive he has done me a great deal of Honour; but that I do not intend to fight to pleaſe my Enemies, who may have Reaſons to deſire it, and that it is their Buſineſs to force me, if they can, and if they think it their Intereſt to do it. This Anſwer which is reputed ſo wiſe, is not according to their Inclination; to refuſe to fight, is with them to want Courage; there muſt be every Day a Battel to content them, or a running from Conqueſt to Conqueſt. There is need of a great many Volumes, to deſcribe all the unjuſt Prejudices of Men, againſt thoſe that govern 'em.

Princes, as well as Men, may alſo ſuffer themſelves to be prepoſſeſs'd, and the conſequences have ſometimes been fatal. Antiquity affords us a very melancholy Example of it, 'tis of *Ariſtobulus* King of *Judea*, who ſuffer'd himſelf to be prepoſſeſs'd by Miniſters ill affected to *Antiochus* his Brother whom he lov'd tenderly, and who had ſerved him gloriouſly in an occaſion where he had the Command of his Armies, and where he had got ſo much Reputation, that it made him be dreaded by all thoſe that had Power at Court, that it was not very proper to gain him the Favour and Confidence of the King his Brother.

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This Apprehenſion made them think of deſtroying him by the moſt cruel of Perfidies; the Eaſineſs that they knew the King had to be prepoſſeſs'd, made them ſo bold as to undertake to render his Brother ſuſpected. This young Prince ſatisfyed with what he had done, willing to gain the Applauſes of the People, in reentring the City, had that Day taken very bright Arms: The Miniſters, who had meditated on his Ruin, reported it to the King; they added alſo Circumſtances, that put the King, who was ſick in Bed, in great Uneaſineſſes about his Brother's Deſigns, and made him reſolve to order the Officers of his Guards, to kill this Brother, who had always been dear to him, on a Suſpicion that had no Ground, if he came armed into the Court.

This unhappy *Antiochus* did not think in any manner to preſent himſelf before the King his Brother, in an Equipage of War; but the Miniſters, to accompliſh the Roguery that they had contriv'd, gave him to underſtand, that the King deſir'd to ſee him with his Arms that he had been told was ſo fine, and that this wou'd mitigate the Trouble that had caus'd his Diſeaſe, to ſee his Brother in the Condition in which he had triumphed over his Enemies; thus this Prince entring

armed into the Court in Obedience, was kill'd, as if he was entring with an ill Deſign. This is a Leſſon for Men that are too credulous, which ought to make 'em examine from whence they had their Advice, chiefly thoſe that are given 'em againſt Perſons that they had no reaſon to ſuſpect before, it being abſolutely neceſſary to avoid being prepoſſeſs'd, to examine carefully the Motives and Intereſts that the Adviſers may have.

This fatal Example is ſufficient to ſhew, that it is impoſſible that Princes ſhou'd not be ſometimes ſubject to Prejudices, tho' they have greater Gifts of Nature than private Men, and that nothing is forgot to form their Judgment by Arguments and Examples that are ſet before 'em: It is not then ſurprizing, if thoſe that are not educated with the ſame Cares, fall into ſuch extravagant Opinions that are amongſt Men.

Is it not a very unjuſt, tho' general, Opinion, to believe that a Man's Honour ought to depend on his Wife; let him do what he will, can he avoid being ridiculous, if ſhe is reſolved to make him ſo? Does he that is uneaſy and complains, find any Comfort among his Relations and Friends? that which happens to him pleaſes them; and can one believe, that a Matter

Matter that one never mentions without laughing ſhou'd be ſerious, even in the graveſt Tribunals? If any one is ſo great a Fool to carry his Complaint, how is he heard? The moſt compoſed Judges have a deal of Trouble to preſerve ſome Gravity; for the Avocates that undertake ſuch Cauſes, how do they manage 'em? Don't they commonly make a comical piece of it, they ſet it off with all the moſt pleaſant Paſſages they can, to pleaſe the Auditor; and can they find one that thinks to excite the Compaſſion of the Judges, who are ſometimes ill diſpoſed to revenge the Affronts, that they that have recourſe to them pretend to have received? What Remedy is there then for ſuch a Misfortune? Is this great Patience? Does not one know the Foppery which is yet inſeparable? The Expedient of which is to make uſe of a publick Cenſor of Antiquity, was he the only one? He treated his Wife's Gallant as his beſt Friend, he made him lodge with him; which ſilenced ſome that had ſpoke of it. *Cato* manag'd, ſays one, ſuch an Affair more gallantly, his Wife not being more neceſſary to him, he underſtood that another deſired her paſſionately, and he judged, that it was reaſonable to yield up to another what he eſteem'd a great Happineſs,

pineſs, and which was not more than moderate in him. This Conduct did not in the leaſt make him ridiculous; but *Cæſar* wou'd have him ſo, becauſe he had taken this Wife again, after the Death of him to whom he had yielded her up, ſaying, that he had taken her again for Avarice, becauſe ſhe was become rich, and *Cato* excuſed himſelf, by ſaying, that all the Hours of his Life being devoted to the Service of the Republick, he had need of ſome Perſon that might take care to educate his Children, and that he could not find any more affectionate than their Mother. But was *Cæſar* himſelf never laughed at by any one? For the Jeerers on this Subject don't ſpare the greateſt Heroes, no more than other Men. The moſt famous of all having been inform'd, that a young Man diſguis'd in Woman's Cloaths, had ſpent a great many Days in the Appartment of his Wife, and that the Noiſe of it was unhappily ſpread about *Rome*, ſaid, that he did not believe what was ſaid in the Town; but that the Wife of *Cæſar* ought not only to be ſuſpected, and the Remedy that he found was a Divorce, tho' the Law might permit him what it does even now; this is the Expedient, which the moſt careful Man in the World of his Glory made uſe of, and

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which one makes uſe of by his Example, but with leſs Noiſe than he did. This Affair in the bottom, appear'd to him of ſo little conſequence, that it did not hinder him from receiving a Number of his moſt intimate Friends, and him that had been his Wives Favourite, all rightly conſider'd, was *Cæſar* in the right to complain of his Wife? Was he not Subject to the ſame Fault as She? Did not he run from Gallantry to Gallantry? Are not the Laws equal? But, Women, one will tell you, are more in Fault, becauſe of the conſequences; one wou'd think that they cou'd not do all theſe ill Things that they are reproach'd with, unleſs Men were Accomplices with them; they are equally to be blam'd, and if the Fault is equal, ought not the Pain to be ſo too? There is an Example in Antiquity, that ought to be a Rule to our Judgments: A Woman underſtanding that her unfaithful Husband was at home in Company with a Woman that he lov'd, arm'd herſelf with a Dagger, and making every one of her Domeſticks that ſhe had gain'd to take one, reſolv'd to go and ſtab her Husband, and her that was the Cauſe of his Crime. After having executed what ſhe had projected, ſhe run to the City where the King was, and ask'd him if a Husband, who having

ving found his Wife in the Arms of her Lover, and had kill'd them both, might not be pardon'd? The Prince anſwer'd, that it was a pardonable Action, and that any one might have Recourſe to him on the like occaſions: *I beg of you then,* ſaid ſhe, *to diſpatch my Pardon, for knowing that my Husband was at home, in Company with a Perſon, who made him failing of the Fidelity that he owes me, I have been there, and I have killed them both.*

The King engaged by his own Declaration, cou'd not refuſe her a Pardon for an Action that he found pardonable. Is not then the Law equal? 'Tis what Men prepoſſeſs'd with their pretended Right of Superiority will not grant; they make the ſame Difficulty of granting, that Women ſhou'd be capable of managing Affairs of Conſequence, that they ſhou'd be capable of Sciences, that they ſhou'd have Courage in Misfortunes, Generoſity, a good Heart and Wit; they attribute to themſelves all the Virtues, and grant 'em nothing. If the Thing was well examined, what are all the Virtues that they poſſeſs in ſo eminent a Degree? What are their Sciences? If they were ſincere, they wou'd own that the Knowledge of the wiſeſt Men are well limited, and that if they have more than the Generality

lity of Women, 'tis not ſufficient to brag of. And have not we ſeen Women who have poſſeſs'd that which is neceſſary for the Management of the Affairs of the World, better than the brighteſt Men. Queen *Elizabeth.* Was not ſhe a more able Politician than all the Men of her Age? And has there been in *England* a Government more abſolute than hers? Have not we ſeen *Jane* of *Flanders*, Counteſs of *Monfort* maintain, againſt *Charles* of *Blois*, the Rights that her Husband and Son had to *Britany*, with all the Courage and Prudence of the greateſt Men? Has not *France* had very able Queen Regents? And wont all thoſe that are juſt enough to regard the Affairs of the World without prejudice, grant that there are in *France*, Women that have more Wit, more Policy, more Underſtanding, and more Generoſity than moſt Men? Don't we ſee them govern their Affairs with Wiſdom? Some educate their Children with Care, others comfort the unfortunate; do good to their Neighbours, and acknowledge freely what is done for them: If one cou'd enter into the particulars of the Conduct of private Perſons, I am perſwaded that one ſhou'd find oftentimes Women, who, as well as Men have all the Qualities that eſtabliſh

eſtabliſh a perfect Merit, and that they are perhaps generally Subject to fewer Faults. Let us then lay aſide our Prejudices, and own ſincerely, that we are equally to be pitied both Men and Women, that we have ſo little Knowledge, and that in ſpight of all our Vanity we cannot pretend to arrive at great Perfections: According to me, the true Definition of Mankind is, that we have equally both Men and Women but little Underſtanding, and are Subject to the ſame Weakneſſes, to the ſame Paſſions, and to the ſame Infirmities. Don't let us flatter our ſelves, we have the ſame Prejudices on all Sorts of matters, and we are every Day very much deceiv'd by Appearances.

There are in *Europe* ſome that do to thoſe that have wore their Liveries, as the Romans did for the Slaves, that the Maſters ſet them at Liberty becauſe of their Merit; but whatever good they have, the Publick look upon them in their Employs but with Indignation; does not the ſame Spirit of Injuſtice always reign amongſt Men? I cannot forbear looking with Diſdain on thoſe Perſons that have it for a Maxim, that one muſt keep thoſe that have ſerv'd one well in a low Condition, for fear that they ſhou'd do ill in a better: The

Maxim

Maxim oppoſite to this is that which I ſhall always approve to raiſe thoſe to great Employs, who have acquitted themſelves well of moderate ones.

Is it not the Intereſt of the State to employ thoſe that may contribute to its Grandeur by Wit and Valour? Is it not Juſtice to deſpiſe a Man of great Virtue, if he is of obſcure Birth, and if he is not Rich, whereas if he was, what Conſideration wou'd not they have for him in the World.

I ask voluntarily, why a Man or Woman that has no Need, nor no Intention, to receive the Succours that a Rich Man can give them, and which he never gives, ſhou'd grant him nevertheleſs all the Preferences before People of Merit? One hears them ſay in Company, *this Man has Ten Thouſand Pounds a Year*; in the bottom he is a ſilly Fellow for his Vanity; he never opens his Mouth but to pronounce ſome Extravagance; he is known to have no Virtue in him, he is even groſs with Avarice, and never known to do any one a Favour, 'tis no matter, he has Ten Thouſand Pounds a Year, he'll find every where a Thouſand Differences, and will always leave them that have nothing but Merit a Thouſand Paces behind him. Can any one tell me the Reaſon of the like Fantaſticalneſs of Men's Opinions? There is another

another Prejudice againſt a Rich Man, more unjuſt than all the others, he has a Friend that is unfortunate, but very underſtanding, faithful, uncapable of failing in any Duties of Friendſhip, who has been employ'd on a great many occaſions, for the Intrigues and Intereſt of the Rich Man which he has perform'd with the utmoſt Exactneſs, and has preſerv'd inviolably the Secrets that he truſted him with, he has alſo had the opportunity of doing his rich Friend important Service, by diſſwading Witneſſes of an Action which he had loſt, if it had been prov'd, tho' it was an Act of Honour, this unfortunate Man, has employ'd all his imaginable Cares, he muſt have been on ſuch occaſions at great private Expences, that he perceiv'd were neceſſary, and never ſpoke of them to his rich Friend, who had not the Curioſity to inform himſelf of them, 'tis true, the rich Man has ſometimes had little Succours of Money but very ſmall ones, and he has had occaſions, where he ought to give him Marks of Conſideration, to get thoſe of others to whom he has been wanting, and to a great many other honeſt People that have a Right to expect; theſe two Friends don't ſee one another any more, tho' they might not have had a great Falling out, what Opinion do you think one can have of

of them? One blames him whoſe Fortune was not very good, and one is prepoſſeſs'd that the Rich Man has been uſeful to him. Which of the two do you think had the moſt Merit in Society? The Misfortune is, that he who is blam'd, cannot juſtify himſelf, there are Services that one has done to ones Friends, that one cannot give the Publick an Account, and it is better to ſuffer the unjuſt Prejudices of Men, than to want Diſcretion.

Has not one need ſometimes to have the ſame Reſpects for the Ladies? They may have wrong'd one, but for that a Man is never in the Right to complain, nor to be reveng'd, by diſcovering the Secrets with which he was truſted; he ſhou'd however ſometimes be very ſweet to be able to complain of the ill Proceeding of thoſe that fail their Friends, for which they have ſometimes with Heart in Hand begg'd Tenderneſs; what Pleaſure wou'd this be to paint them in all their Colours? It wou'd be great, but a Man that is careful of his Honour can never do it.

Are not Generals of Armies and Governors of Towns ſubject to the ſame Misfortune of not being able to juſtifie themſelves, when the Publick condemns them? They have followed exactly the Orders of their Soveraign, who has good Reaſons to make

make them continue a Conduct that the People ſubject to judge raſhly have diſapproved of, it wou'd be eaſy for them to let the People know their Error by the leaſt *Manifeſto*, but this is declaring the ſecret Orders of their Soveraign, they ought not to do it, and they remain condemn'd. If they have the Comfort to be agreeable to a good Maſter that they have ſerved well, may they not deſpiſe the Opinions of the People? But if they fall into any one of the Misfortunes, that happen'd to the famous *Beliſaire*, wou'd not they be very much to be pitied? He triumph'd over all the Enemies of the Emperor, and had gain'd ſo much Glory, that there was an Opinion amongſt the People, that if he had a Mind he might make himſelf Maſter of the Empire. The Diſcourſes that was made on this, reach'd the Ears of the Emperors Miniſters, who believ'd it was their Intereſt to ruin this great Man, for fear leſt his Services ſhou'd get him the Princes Favour, after ſuch glorious Expeditions as thoſe that he had done, they thought for to ſecure themſelves, to inform the Emperor of the Diſcourſes of the People: The Emperor ſuffer'd himſelf to be eaſily perſwaded, that they were Tokens of the Diſpoſitions of all his Subjects Hearts for *Beliſaire*, to whom he judged

judged that, when they ſhou'd be known, that he wou'd make uſe of them; to neglect nothing on this occaſion, that appear'd ſo important, and to prevent the Miſchiefs of the People's Imagination, he depriv'd the moſt faithful and the moſt uſeful Servant that he had, of all his Employs and all his Goods; and for a greater Precaution he made his Eyes be put out, confin'd him in a Priſon, where he ended his Days, forſaken by all thoſe who had adored him in his Proſperity. Happy are they that are ſure they ſerve a Prince that has ſo much Wiſdom and Precaution again ill Advice, that he will never be prepoſſeſſed againſt his faithful Servants!

Women tho' devout, are as well as Men, ſubject to Opinions that they cannot juſtify. What can one judge of thoſe that conſult all the Cunning Men, and all the Aſtrologers, and who have in their Heads always their Horoſcopes and Figures, by which they hope to know all that will happen to them? They have more Faith in judicial Aſtrology, than for all that is more ſerious, and *Noſtradamus* is he that of all the Men of Antiquity they eſteem the moſt; and what is yet more extraordinary is, that they are ſometimes maintain'd in theſe Chimera's by thoſe whoſe Character it ſhou'd be to undeceive them:

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How can one ſuffer ones ſelf to be blindly govern'd on ſuch matters, knowing eaſily the little Ground that there is in all that they make one hope for? If they would take care to make them explain the Rules of this pretended Science, they wou'd infallibly ſee that it is founded on nothing but cramp Words, that they that profeſs it wou'd be very much puzled to explain, ſince that they themſelves don't underſtand 'em, and that they wou'd be troubled to tell from whence the Authors that they quote ſo readily, had the Knowledge of the Power that they attribute to every Star: But they are much more abuſed by another kind of Deceivers, who give hopes of poſſeſſing one Day or another immenſe Treaſures. Theſe Treaſures are, they ſay, in an old Caſtle, in an old Tower, in the Foundations of a Houſe, but they cannot tell preciſely the Place, they muſt dig a great many Places: A Parſon, ſays one, is yet more neceſſary to ſeize a Treaſure, when it is diſcover'd, for he muſt perſecute a Demon that has had the keeping of it, and who had Orders to ſeize it, the moment that it was put in the Ground. What Viſions! May not one ask all theſe Deceivers that talk after this manner, where they got all this Learning? I have ſometimes

times been ſurprized to have met with a Perſon, beſides of good Senſe, prepoſſeſs'd with ſuch Opinions that are founded on no Likelyhood. It is certain that in times of Wars, that Money might have been hid, that coveteous Men have hid it at all times, and that thoſe that hid it, might die without telling of it, but where can one have neceſſary Inſights to diſcover what is apparently deep in the Ground; and if it was diſcover'd, where one had been inform'd, there muſt of neceſſity be ſome Miniſter to drive away the Demon that is ſuppoſed to guard it? Don't we know that in pulling down a Houſe or digging a Field, there has been Money ſeized without the Aſſiſtance of cunning Men, and without the Miniſtration of thoſe that they ſay are neceſſary?

I wou'd fain ask whether Money is of ſo great Value? I confeſs that I am ſurprized to ſee all the Baſeneſs, that Men and Women of Worth are guilty of, for a little Intereſt; they diſpute even for half a Piſtol, nay for leſs, with Malice, and they come ſometimes to Quarrels; I wou'd pardon thoſe that have nothing to live on, but I have ſeen a Diſpute for a dozen Counters that were not worth a Crown, between an old Officer who was in a conſiderable Poſt, and an *Aide de Camp*, who

who ought to be look'd on as a young Man; the old Officer maintain'd it with Anger, *that he did not owe him the dozen Counters, and that if he did, he wou'd not pay 'em*: The *Aide de Camp* anſwer'd him diſdainfully, *that 'twas enough that it was known that he ow'd them, and that it was in his Breaſt not to pay 'em.* There were Witneſſes, the Noiſe of this trifling Adventure was ſpread abroad, and it was thought that the old Officer had ſent a Challenge, which might have been more pardonable in the *Aide de Camp*, who perſonated the older Officer.

One muſt love Money very well, to diſpute for half a Piſtol with Anger, a Quarrel for a Man that regards an Offence, as a ſerious Buſineſs is of terrible Conſequence, he muſt always have Boots ready, and a Horſe to quit the Kingdoms; 'tis much the beſt way to avoid 'em, by receiving with Diſdain the firſt Words of a Fool, whom one puniſhes by diſdaining to anſwer him: One ſaves one ſelf from Quarrels which wou'd go too far, thoſe People that engage in them with Eaſe, never puſh them to the Extremity, they engage in them without Thought, and all they do is to leave them again. I have ſeen of this Sort of Men reputed to be brave Men, for having fought a great

great many Duels without ever drawing a Sword; one does not examine Men enough, before one reſolves to give ones Opinion of them. Don't we ſee that ſilly Buffoons are thought People of Wit, becauſe that they have ſtudied the common Phraſes, which they repeat very readily, and becauſe that they have the Inſolence to ſpeak ill of every one, eſpecially of Women, whom they never ſpare, becauſe they don't fear their Reſentment: I have nevertheleſs ſeen ſuch People, the Favourites of great Men, who treat them with a Thouſand Marks of Reſpect, at the ſame time they hardly know the Name of People of Merit, who were always reſpectful to them, who never ſpeak but with Regard to them, and were always ready to ſacrifice themſelves for them and the State. If one asks great Men the Reaſon of ſo fantaſtical a Conduct, they will anſwer, that 'tis that, that one has to keep cloſe to a Horſe that kicks, where one is in leſs Danger of receiving ugly Blows, has not one where with all to be ſurprized with ſo ungenerous an Anſwer? Have not we ſeen noted Gameſters preferred before all the honeſt People of a County? They grant them Favours that they won't grant any body elſe: What Opinion ought one to have of a great Man, who carries

in his Coach a long Journey a ſilly Buffoon, that ſpeaks always with Inſolence and little Wit; there is no Gameſter, that is capable of any Converſation, but what appertains to Gaming? Have not we ſeen great Men entertain ſuch Men with the greateſt Familiarity, and granted 'em Favours on all occaſions, even that of eating with them, after having receiv'd their Preſents of rare Liquors, or a great many Curioſities, which they take care to provide, as a means to preſerve always the Preferences that are given them: What Reaſon, ſays one, have great Men to have this Conduct? Do they want Judgment? Do they love to receive them? Do they value none but thoſe that have Money, let it come from whence it will? Shall one ſay that it is a blind Prejudice, for which one neither ſees Reaſon nor Pretext? Is it not that great Men make uſe of ſuch People for private Affairs? They employ them perhaps for Spies; but there are none but thoſe that have Wit and Boldneſs to introduce themſelves every where, that can act this Part: Some get great Advantages by it, for one ſees ſome raiſed, without being able to tell how, if it is not that they have been uſeful in Intrigues, they muſt be of no tempting Figure to give any Jealouſy, to find it eaſy

eaſy to introduce themſelves into all Houſes, for if one thinks 'em fit to pleaſe, they will find Difficulties that they will have a deal of Trouble to overcome, whatever Wit they have: And to how many low Compliances is one oblig'd, before one can be receiv'd among great Men? He that uſes the meaner Sort with the moſt Familiarity in private, takes upon him more Gravity in publick; a Man in Place, or he that hath Relations, obſerves himſelf, and won't leſſen himſelf to careſs you, until he is alone with you; own that you are very much diſguſted, and that this proud Man is unſupportable by his grave Looks, and yet more by the Impertinences that you hear him ſpeak, when he entertains you familiarly; but when great Men have Wit and Wiſdom, and that they are above common Opinions, of what Account are they? All that they do is reported with Exaggeration, they make themſelves be beloved by the Eaſineſs of their Converſations.

One alſo meets with great Men, whoſe Examples ought to have cured the People of the World, of their Prejudices againſt the Sciences: It is ſo great, that they believe that they are diſgraced, if one accuſes them of ſpending ſome Hours of the Day in ſtudying; they are altogether ig-

norant that the *Romans* who were ſo famous for their military Virtues, were perſwaded that the Sciences adorn'd and fortify'd the Soul; they all talk'd very well, and learn'd their Laws and Politicks as carefully as the Exerciſe of Arms. The Emperors themſelves were obliged to be Learned; they made a Speech every day to the Senators, who knew every thing, and it had been a Stain to their Reputation, to be reduced to make uſe of the Eloquence of another: Were the Conſuls and Senators who acquir'd ſo much Honour by the fine Speeches that they made to the Senate, which we have Knowledge of, leſs fit to command Armies? Did not they render by their Valour their Republick, the Miſtreſs of the World? Has not *Cæſar* himſelf, ſo celebrated for his great Actions, given us Accounts very well writ? How can one judge that a Man ſhou'd be deſpicable becauſe he writ? One ſays nevertheleſs in a deſpiſing Tone, without examining, whether he writes well or ill, *'tis an Author*, and he muſt be a Man becauſe he wears a Sword, don't ſay alſo as one ſaid in a certain Age? *Is it that I am learned to know all Sorts of Things?* What happen'd to him with a Vanity ſo ill founded? You are a Man of Quality; you are a Woman of Quality, you deſpiſe

ſpiſe to be inſtructed, you will be the Cully to People of Buſineſs, by whom you will let your ſelf be led like a blind Man, becauſe you think 'tis below you to know your Laws and Cuſtoms: Three Things are abſolutely neceſſary for the Conduct of Life, all Three abſolutely unknown by thoſe that live in the World, where it is look'd on as a diſgraceful thing to apply ones ſelf to learn the Laws, Phyſick, and alſo Religion, by the Prejudice, that every one of theſe Sciences requires the whole Life time of him that ſtudies it, and therefore it is not honourable to apply ones ſelf to them, when one profeſſes Souldiery, one is taken up with the Amuſements of the World; and theſe are Errors that one is never reclaim'd of, but when one is ruin'd by Actions at Law, or when one is old and infirm by Diſeaſes; as to Religion, one thinks of nothing but learning it ſuperficiouſly, becauſe one is perſwaded that the Queſtions of Theology cannot be known, but by thoſe that are arriv'd by all the Degrees to be Doctors of *Sorbon*, &c. and this Error makes one neglect to inſtruct ones ſelf in ſo important an Affair, and makes one put ones ſelf into the Hands of a Director, to whom one gives an abſolute Authority; it wou'd be however

poſſible, for every Man that has good Senſe to inſtruct himſelf ſufficiently in theſe Three Things, in which every one has ſo much Intereſt; if one is inclin'd to ſtudy with Application, and to be in frequent Conferences with thoſe that are Maſters of them, provided that one can obtain of them to inſtruct one faithfully, and without attributing to themſelves ſo much Authority. There are Examples in *France* of great Men, that know all that Man can know; there are alſo Women, who, though very much given up to their Affairs, to the Care of their Health, and to that which touches the Conſcience, won't ſuffer themſelves to be govern'd by their Advocates, won't take Remedies that they are ignorant of, and will have none for the Directors of their Conſciences, but thoſe Men that they know are uncapable of abuſing the Confidence that they put in them: It is then neceſſary to inſtruct ones ſelf, not to be the Cully to the Knowledge of others, and nothing ſhou'd be ſo unreaſonable, as to regard with Diſdain thoſe that labour to be better inſtructed than others: I will pardon a Heroe, who has continually led an active Life, for having leſs Eſteem of Men of Learning than his Equals, whom I allow to be more uſeful

to

to the State, than thoſe who are only People of Learning; but what is pardonable in Heroes, is not granted after the ſame manner to thoſe that have no Employ in the World; what Right has a Gameſter, for Example, who never does any thing elſe, to deſpiſe thoſe that endeavour to be more inſtructed than himſelf; let him ſay, if he will, that Men who ſpend their time in a Cloſet, are as uſeleſs to the Republick as Gameſters; at leaſt it ought to be granted, that the Leiſure time that is ſpent amongſt Books, is as honeſt and more quiet than that which is ſpent in the Tumult of gaming: They will ſay perhaps that this Idleneſs produces too many ill Books: 'Tis true, but are ill Books more to be condemn'd than ill Diſcourſes, that one is liable to hear all the Hours of the Day? Whereas one is at Liberty to chuſe Books the worſt pleaſing ſome Folks, for a delicate Judgment is not very common. Which verify'd by what *Demoſthenes* ſaid to one of his Friends; *that he was oblig'd to ſpeak well of Impertinences, the Day that he was ſo much applauded by the Publick.*

A Poet that knew that the Publick was not prepoſſeſs'd in his Favour, put a cheat on it, which juſtify'd that it was not a knowing and equitable Judge; he pub-

liſh'd his Work for that of a Learned Man, whoſe Reputation was well eſtabliſh'd, and his own by the Learned Mans Name, for whom the Publick was prepoſſeſs'd: The Work of the Learned Man was diſlik'd, and that which was the Man's, whom they had no good Opinion, was admir'd. The Approbation of a good Maſter may very well comfort all the Injuſtice of the People, who condemn all without Pity; and never grant Pardon, no more than a certain Lady that was a ſevere Judge, who always condemn'd, without being willing to hear any Reaſon: Women are all, ſays ſhe, very irregular, and Men are never brave enough, if ſhe knew any one that had left the Service, or who had come back to *Paris*, ſome Days before the End of the Campaign, ſhe ſays that he is a Coward; ſhe is always angry at Mankind, and never likes any one, believing that ſhe has Right by her own Natural Knowledge, to decide all Sorts of matters; for ſhe declares that ſhe has no Eſteem for that of others, and owns ſincerely that ſhe never read but in the *Almanack*, and ſometimes the *Mercury Gallant*; nevertheleſs nothing eſcapes her Cenſor, not knowing any Virtue but her own, which was never attack'd; ſhe is always ready to caſt the firſt Stone, belie-

believing to have Right by the Precept of a great Judge, which allows it without a Fault; ſhe has a great deal of Virtue, I grant it, but had ſhe leſs ſhe wou'd be leſs frightful. If one examines theſe Perſons well, who pardon nothing in their Neighbours, ſhou'd not one find that they have ſometimes need of the Indulgence, that they refuſe others? And if they have not yet occaſion, can they be aſſured of preſerving themſelves in this State for ever? Is there any one that can warrant for the time to come? Does not one ſee ſo many delicate Beginnings degenerate? A Man of Wit has deſcrib'd in two Words, our Uncertainties and Frailties, when he ſays, that *Man is to Day in an Helmet, and to morrow in a Monks Habit:* They that have ſome Experience of the Affairs of the World, have ſometimes ſeen conſiderable Changes happen in the ſame Man from Day to Day: Have not we ſeen Officers, with their Swords in their Hands, at the Head of a Squadron, march fiercely to their Enemies, who have not been able to keep themſelves for an Hour under the Fire of a Battery of Cannon, without ſhowing ſome Weakneſs? One cannot then warrant to be always Maſter of the Emotions of Nature, and if this is true, ought not one to bear with anothers Weakneſs,

and to take care of inſulting his Neighbour, when falling in the ſame Fault, does not know but that he may want the ſame Indulgence? We have ſeen Men in great Places, treat with Ignorance thoſe from whom they were oblig'd to own the next Day, that they had receiv'd good Advice: But who are they that can aſſure themſelves from not being ſubject to Errors? How many great Men of Antiquity have follow'd even till Death extravagant Opinions? Has not the Philoſophers defended every one his own with Obſtinacy? How many are there who maintain'd the *Metempſychoſis*? And have not they who advance that the World was form'd by the caſual Conjunction of Atoms, had Followers? How many Opinions does one ſee generally follow'd by all thoſe that wear the ſame Habit, and diſputed by great Societies, oppoſite to one another by Intereſt or Jealouſy? Shou'd not we be very much ſurpriz'd to find at this time, Men who have the ſame Sentiments for Grandeur and Riches, as *Diogenes* had? And ſhou'd not we look on him as a Fool, that ſhou'd ask a King that ſhou'd come to ſee him the ſame Favour, that this ſo ſingular ask'd of *Alexander, That he deſir'd only to be left alone in his little Habitation*, which was nothing but a Tub?

Tub? We ſhou'd alſo be ſurpriz'd to hear a Conquerour ſay, as the moſt famous of all ſaid, *that he wou'd be* Diogenes, *if he was not* Alexander. This Deſire is fantaſtical; could a Prince, who was willing to find out new Worlds to conquer, envy a Man, who made all his Happineſs conſiſt in deſpiſing Greatneſs? Cannot one be wiſe without giving ones ſelf up to Extremes? 'Tis true, that the Opinion that the Antients form'd to themſelves of Virtue, drove them very far: *Cato* of *Utica*, that Sage of his time, hath given an Example; he kill'd himſelf, not being able to ſurvive the Liberty of his Country, or becauſe his Heart was too great to have Recourſe to the Clemency of the Conqueror, which was ſo well known, that he might hope for every thing that he cou'd think of, unleſs the continual Perſecution of Fortune, which hath dejected him, might make him loſe Courage, and prefer Death to a Life, wherein he ſaw nothing but new Misfortunes, which he had not the Courage to ſuſtain.

Have not we ſeen other Men ſeiz'd with Fear run to meet Death, not being able to bear the Sight of it? An Officer ſeeing his Ship ſinking, flung himſelf into the Sea, putting his Head in his Night-

gown,

gown, as if he was willing to go meet that Death that he could not face: Fear of all Paſſions is without doubt, that which troubles the Mind moſt: Here are Opinions that are very different which govern Men, ſo well, that one might ſubſcribe them to the Axiom, that Mr. *Paſchal* cites, *Opinione Regina del mondo*, and to that which ſays, in another Language, that every one has his Opinion: *Tot Capita, tot Senſus*, ſo many Men, ſo many Minds.

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FINIS.